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CHRONICLE

Home News.—The President's note, whose contents were summarized in AMERICA for June 24, has had the effect of making the First Chief more defiant than ever.

*The President
and Carranza*

The passage which seems to have caused the most displeasure in Mexico recounts some of the atrocities committed by the bandits as follows:

It would be tedious to recount instance after instance, outrage after outrage, atrocity after atrocity, to illustrate the true nature and extent of the widespread conditions of lawlessness and violence which have prevailed. During the past nine months in particular the frontier of the United States along the lower Rio Grande has been thrown into a state of constant apprehension and turmoil because of frequent and sudden incursions into American territory and depredations and murders on American soil by Mexican bandits, who have taken the lives and destroyed the property of American citizens, sometimes carrying American citizens across the international boundary with the booty seized.

American garrisons have been attacked at night, American soldiers killed and their equipment and horses stolen. American ranches have been raided, property stolen and destroyed, and American trains wrecked and plundered. The attacks on Brownsville, Red House Ferry, Progreso Post Office and Las Peladas, all occurring during September last, are typical of these attacks on American territory. Carranza adherents and even Carranzista soldiers took part in the looting, burning and killing. Not only were these murders characterized by ruthless brutality but uncivilized acts of mutilation were perpetrated. . . .

So far has the indifference of the *de facto* Government to these atrocities gone that some of these leaders, as I am advised, have received not only the protection of that Government but encouragement and aid as well.

Hardly had the contents of the note become fully known in the United States, when word was flashed from Mexico that, on June 21, the Carranzistas had attacked our troops at Carrizal, east of Casas Grandes,

the American base, killing thirteen men and taking seventeen prisoners. After that the Mexicans gave every evidence that they were preparing for war. Hence, on June 23, the American Militia was ordered to the border, and on the same day our Secretary of State sent the Southern Republics the following notice of "the critical relations existing between this Government and the *de facto* Government of Mexico":

Should the situation eventuate into hostilities, which this Government would deeply regret and will use every honorable effort to avoid, I take this opportunity to inform you that this Government would have for its object not intervention in Mexican affairs, with all the regrettable consequences which might result from such a policy, but the defense of American territory from further invasion by bands of armed Mexicans, the protection of American citizens and property along the boundary from outrages committed by such bandits, and the prevention of future depredations, by force of arms against the marauders infesting this region and against a Government which is encouraging and aiding them in their activities.

Hostilities, in short, would be simply a state of international law without purpose on the part of the United States other than to end the conditions which menace our national peace and the safety of our citizens.

ROBERT LANSING,
Secretary of State.

Carranza on the other hand is equally sure that the United States is the aggressor. On June 23, Ferrara, Speaker of the Lower House of the Cuban Congress, cabled the First Chief urging him to avoid a war "which would destroy the equilibrium of the American continent." The reply of Carranza places all blame on the United States:

Your kind message received. It is neither the people nor the Government I represent, but the Government of the United States, which has caused the present situation between the two nations, by its lack of tact in international affairs and its lack of respect for Mexican sovereignty. To repel with arms the

Americans who on any pretext invade the national territory—there remains no other recourse than this, to defend the sovereignty of the Republic. Consequently, the American Government can avert war by respecting the sovereignty of Mexico.

V. CARRANZA.

As the strain continued great, Chile, Argentina, Ecuador, Salvador, Honduras and Spain made offers of mediation to the Mexican Republic, but apparently quite without success. On June 24, President Wilson, realizing that Carranza was not inclined to recede from his position, demanded the release of the prisoners captured by the Mexicans at Carrizal. This demand was justified by the Mexican note requesting an explanation of the presence of American troops in the vicinity where the clash occurred. On June 24, Arredondo, Carranza's representative in Washington, sent the following communication to our Government:

I am directed by my Government to inform Your Excellency, with reference to the Carrizal incident, that the Chief Executive, through the Mexican War Department, gave orders to General Jacinto B. Trevino not to permit American forces from General Pershing's column to advance further south nor to move either east or west from the points where they are located, and to oppose new incursions of American soldiers into Mexican territory. These orders were brought by General Trevino to the attention of General Pershing, who acknowledged the receipt of the communication relative thereto. On the 22d instant, as your Excellency knows, an American force moved eastward quite far from its base, notwithstanding the above orders, and was engaged by Mexican troops at Carrizal, State of Chihuahua. As a result of the encounter several men on both sides were killed and wounded and seventeen American soldiers were made prisoners.

On June 25 the President returned this answer through Rogers, our representative in Mexico City:

The Government of the United States can put no other construction upon the communication handed to the Secretary of State of the United States on the 24th day of June, by Mr. Arredondo under instructions of your Government, than that it is intended as a formal avowal of deliberately hostile action against the forces of the United States now in Mexico and of the purpose to attack them without provocation whenever they move from their present position in pursuance of the objects for which they were sent there, notwithstanding the fact that those objects not only involve no unfriendly intention toward the Government and people of Mexico, but are, on the contrary, intended only to assist that Government in protecting itself and the territory and people of the United States against irresponsible and insurgent bands of rebel marauders. I am instructed, therefore, by my Government to demand the immediate release of the prisoners taken in the encounter at Carrizal, together with any property of the United States taken with them, and to inform you that the Government of the United States expects an early statement from your Government as to the course of action it wishes the Government of the United States to understand it has determined upon, and that it also expects that this statement be made through the usual diplomatic channels and not through subordinate military commanders.

This letter makes the issue clear beyond misunderstanding.

The War.—In France the only event of importance has been the resumption by the Germans of a heavy of-

fensive in the Verdun region. East of the Meuse the Germans stormed the Thiaumont fortifications, captured the greater portion of Hill 321 and Hill 320, gained a footing in the village of Fleury, and made progress south of Vaux. Increased activity is reported in the Champagne district, and near Moulainville in the Woivre district. In the Trentino the only gains have been made by the Italians, who have advanced north of Rimini in the Arsa Valley, have reached the Piazza Valley north of Monte Pasubio, and further to the east are approaching Monte Pruche.

In Armenia the Turks have gained a victory north of the Chorokh River, and the Russians in the direction of Diarbekr. In Persia the Turks have driven the Russians from the Paitak Pass to the village of Serail. In Mesopotamia the Russians have been successful in engagements near Mosul and Rowandus. Further south in Mesopotamia the Shii Moslems have risen in revolt against the Turks at Kerbela and Nejeft. In Arabia a similar revolt against the Turks has resulted in the capture by the Arabs of Mecca, Jeddah and Taif.

The Germans have inaugurated an offensive along the Dvina and especially in the vicinity of Dvinsk, but their efforts in the region have been rather in the nature of a demonstration than a serious attack.

The Russian Offensive

In the district north of Widsy, the Russians have made a counter-offensive, but without having accomplished anything important. Further south, along the Beresina, the Germans have advanced a short distance in the direction of Minsk. They are also endeavoring to force back the Russians along the Oginski Canal, north of Pinsk. In Volhynia the combined forces of the Austrians and Germans have not only maintained a stubborn defensive, which has effectively blocked the Russian advance, but are exerting a steadily increasing pressure, which has forced the Russians back toward Lutsk, in some places as much as five miles. Battles of a very sanguinary nature have taken place west of Kolki and Sokul, between the Styr and the Stochod, especially at Grusiatyn. Furious fighting has also been in progress in the vicinity of Kisselin, north-east and southeast of Lokatschi, at Gorochoh, and along the railroad that runs from Berestetschko to Radziwillo, but at no point in this section has either side gained any decided advantage. In East Galicia the situation has remained unchanged, except that the Russians claim to have reached the Zlota Lipa in one place. They have, however, advanced west from Sniatyn and established themselves on the banks of the Rybnitz.

In Bukowina the Russians have swept forward with great rapidity. Moving south from the Dniester they have occupied Okna and Zastavna; leaving Czernowitz and the Pruth River they have taken Gliboka, Storozynatz, Zadowa and Widnitz. They also crossed the Czermosz at Widnitz and captured Kutu, but this last place the Austrians claim to have recaptured. Advancing south

and west from the Sereth, the Russians have also occupied Straza, Radautz, Gurahumora and Kimpolung. The Austrians in this region have been avoiding battle as far as possible, evacuating town after town, and have reached the foothills of the Carpathians. Their purpose is to avoid loss of men, and in this they have been in the main successful, although the Russians put the number of Austrian prisoners at 185,000. Practically all of Bukowina is now in the hands of the Russians.

Yielding to the coercion exercised by the Allied fleet through the recently inaugurated embargo and blockade, against which the Ministry of M. Skouloudis entered a

*Greece Yields to
the Allies*

formal protest with the Neutral Powers, King Constantine has accepted all the demands of the Entente, which are as follows: a general demobilization of the army, the formation of a new Cabinet which shall be non-partizan, the adjournment of the Chamber, to be followed by new elections, and the removal of certain objectionable police functionaries. Already orders have been given for disbanding the army; a new Cabinet has been formed with M. Zaimis again at its head; the Chamber is soon to be adjourned, and elections are to take place within forty days. The action of the Allies was taken partly on account of the entry of Bulgarian forces into Greece and their occupation of Fort Rupel, and partly as a result of the renewal of active German propaganda among the Greeks.

France.—The Government has for some time been the object of severe criticism on account of the political, economic and military conduct of the war. But on

*Vote of Confidence
in the Government*

June 22, after protracted discussions in the Chamber, it came successfully out of the ordeal, obtaining a vote of confidence by 440 to 97. The proceedings, which were secret and extended over seven sittings, were welcomed both by the Cabinet, which was enabled to explain and defend its action freely, and by its critics, who, by reason of the exigencies of national defense, had been unable to give particulars to support their complaints in a public session. When the public sessions were resumed, several motions were read by the President of the Chamber; of these only one was adopted. This resolution was drafted jointly by the leaders of the different groups and expressed full confidence in the Government. It then declared that the secret sessions had given the members of the Chamber a valuable insight into the general conduct of the war, and that the Chamber had decided to organize a delegation to exercise, with the assistance of the Government, a direct general check on all services supplying the needs of the army. While having no intention of interfering with the conception, direction or execution of the military operations, the Chamber held that it was its duty to see that preparation of a defensive and offensive nature, both industrial and military, were carried on with a care and energy commensurate with the

heroism of the army. After the passage expressing confidence in the Government was adopted, the motion as a whole was carried by a vote of 444 to 80. A motion introduced by the Socialist, M. Léon Accambray, calling for the appointment of a committee of forty to investigate and report on the conduct of the war and the relations of the high command and the public authorities, with a view to taking steps, if necessary, to organize and control Parliament in the best interests of national defense, was not voted on.

Ireland.—According to special cable dispatches to the New York press, there was held in Belfast, on June 23, a convention of the Irish Nationalist delegates from the

*The Belfast
Conference*

six Ulster counties which, according to Lloyd George's plan, are to be excluded from the operation of the Home Rule Bill. By a substantial majority, the convention decided to accept Lloyd George's proposal as a basis for a provisional settlement of the Irish question. Mr. John Redmond, who according to one report presided at the conference, spoke in favor of exclusion and was supported by Messrs. Dillon and Devlin. After a prolonged discussion, 475 delegates voted for acceptance of Mr. Lloyd George's scheme, while 265 voted against it. One account of the proceedings, which were held in private, adds that Mr. Redmond declared that if the proposals were rejected he would not again take the platform as the leader of the Irish Party; this declaration, it is said, determined the result. The dispatches say further that acceptance of the proposal is generally looked upon as a settlement of the Irish problem during the period of the war. According to the press "Nationalists of the rest of Ireland are counted upon to follow the example of the Ulster Nationalists. Opposition from the British Unionists is not likely to be pushed to the length of imperiling the negotiations begun by Lloyd George."

A feature of the voting was the position of Counties Antrim and Down, including Belfast, where the Catholics are in a considerable minority and have most to lose by the exclusion. These counties voted almost solidly for the scheme, the vote being 117 to 10. On the other hand the Sinn Feiners of Tyrone and Fermanagh were practically solid against it. According to the same dispatches, opposition to the proposition was manifested by many of the younger members of the Catholic clergy. Previously the Catholic Bishops of Ulster had declared against Mr. Lloyd George's plan. Mr. John Dillon said that he would not shed a tear if the convention rejected the proposed settlement, but that in view of all the circumstances and the changed situation which the late uprising had brought about, he felt certain that it was for the advantage of the cause of Ireland.

Rome.—The new Delegate and Envoy Extraordinary of the Holy Father to the Republic of Colombia, Mgr. Enrico Gasparri, Titular Archbishop of Sebaste, was re-

*The Ambassadors of
The Pope*

ceived on his entrance into the country at Sabanilla with the greatest marks of respect by the political, civil and ecclesiastical authorities, the army and the people. At Bogotá, the presidential carriage awaited him and conducted him to his quarters. On the day of his formal audience with the President, the Delegate was escorted with every mark of honor to the Executive Mansion, where he was awaited by the Chief Executive, Dr. Concha, the Cabinet and the most prominent civil and military authorities. In presenting his credentials, Mgr. Gasparri assured Dr. Concha, that in the midst of the anguish and sorrows of the war, the Holy Father turned with peculiar sentiments of affection, gratitude and love to the Republic of Colombia, "one of the most devoted and loyal portions of the flock entrusted to his care." The President in his answer gave expression to the sentiments which he and the whole Republic felt toward the Holy Father for the signal mark of honor shown them, and added: "You can count, Monsignore, on the loyal cooperation of the Government. For my part I have always found it an easy and welcome task to fulfil those duties which the Executive Power must observe toward the Church. And that Church itself is considered by the Constitution now in vigor as an essential element of social order." Everything augurs well for the mission thus auspiciously begun.

In the troubled and faction-torn Republic of Haiti, Mgr. Francesco Cherubini, Titular Archbishop of Nicosia, met with a similar welcome. He was received with the greatest marks of respect by the President of the Republic, by the Haitian and American authorities. At the religious function, attended by the President and his Ministers, by the chief civil and military officers, the Archbishop of Port au Prince cordially welcomed the Delegate, expressed the feelings of loyalty and devotion of the Haitian people to the Holy Father and voiced the hopes of all present that the sojourn of the Holy Father's Ambassador would be the signal and the sign of the return of prosperity and peace for the whole country. In his answer to the Delegate's official presentation of his credentials, in which the Pope's representative told the President of the Holy Father's affection toward the Haitian people, the President assured Mgr. Cherubini of the high regard in which he was held both for his mission and for his own personal virtues and attainments, and begged him to transmit to the Holy Father "the assurance of the constant and unalterable devotion of the Haitian people and Government to the Chair of St. Peter."

The reception given to Mgr. Ceretti, Delegate Apostolic in Australia, on his official visitation of New Zealand, to use the words of *Civiltà Cattolica*, proved to be a triumphal manifestation of genuine Catholic faith and of love and veneration toward the Holy Father. At Christchurch, at Auckland, in every town or village through which he passed, the whole Catholic population, increased

in nearly every instance by the non-Catholic inhabitants, poured out to meet him. At the village of Waichi, where there is a large settlement of Maoris, the Papal Envoy was adopted into the tribe of these once fierce warriors and made one of their chiefs. He presented them in turn with a Papal banner, amidst an enthusiasm and joy which deeply affected him. The day closed with solemn Benediction, at which these faithful and pious Maoris harmoniously sang the *Tantum Ergo*.

Spain.—The Catholic press of the country is active, vigilant, practical and in some respects superior to that of most other countries. In one field especially, that of

*Catholic Press
Campaign*

Catholic social action, it has done splendid work. And what is better still, intelligent enthusiasm for its needs and extension is everywhere growing. The latest event in this propaganda, and a strong proof of the interest prevailing, is the approval lately given by the Papal Nuncio, Most Rev. Archbishop Ragonesi, to the project of the Archbishop of Zaragoza, to hold a monthly collection in all the churches of Spain to further the cause of the press. These collections were to begin this month. In addition to this, Archbishop Ragonesi has directed a circular letter to all the Metropolitans, in which after expressing the pleasure which the proposal of the Archbishop of Zaragoza caused him, he points out the advantages accruing from a concerted action in every diocese in Spain. He then calls attention to the "Legionaries" or "Promoters" of a pure press, and recommends that they should be encouraged and their numbers increased. He advises that the monthly collection should be put in charge of some zealous priest. The letter ends with an appreciation of the importance of good papers, and draws attention to the earnest desire of the Holy Father, who, like Pius X and Leo XIII, sees in the press one of the most important means to combat error.

Señor La Cierva, formerly Home Secretary in the Maura Cabinet, has ever been a puzzle in Spanish politics. In his recent speech at Murcia, he seems to have

*La Cierva's
Politics*

expressed his views a little more plainly than usual. He has made one thing evident, the unjust and illegal conduct of paid and official agents in the recent general elections. The method of procedure, according to Señor La Cierva, was simply to destroy the votes of whole districts and to substitute for them others already prepared. He again asserts that he cannot and will not belong to any faction of the Conservative Party, because one section opposes another and he will not oppose any Conservative faction. In Parliament he will work for economic reform, but only with his own followers. He stands for the nationalization of railways, for "preparedness," and for the peaceful colonization of Morocco. His methods and striking personality may recall to some the characteristics of one or two of our well-known American statesmen.

TOPICS OF INTEREST

The Witness of Oliver Twist

IN the recent attack on the private child-caring institutions of New York, the experiences of Oliver Twist supplied the pamphleteers and the journalists with a classical reference that has been employed with unwearying repetition. "Worse than 'Oliver Twist'" is the stock phrase that is understood to describe the extreme limit of ill-treatment. There is a peculiarly relevant lesson in Dickens' great novel which the controversialists have apparently overlooked. Private child-caring institutions are vilified to make a case for the exclusive guardianship of the dependent child by the State.

Now it happens that the very institution which supplies the pamphleteers with their supreme illustration of what is reprehensible in the treatment of children was a State institution; and that the cruelties and inhumanities which Dickens satirized were not mere isolated abuses, but part and parcel of the established State system of public relief.

The problem of State relief versus private charity is coming to the front. The trend of opinion among secular philanthropists in this country is in favor of a State system, as was shown, for example, by the National Conference of Charities and Corrections held recently at Indianapolis. It is worth while, therefore, to learn something of the experiences of the only great country that has given a thorough trial to the policy of making the relief of the poor a State function. That country is England, and the history of the English Poor Law is perhaps the most instructive study to which any secular philanthropist could be recommended. The peculiar vices to which State action is prone, and which constitute one of the fundamental arguments against Socialism, there receive their fullest exemplification. We need not say anything of the "Old Poor Law," the system prevailing prior to the reform of 1834, because that system always receives the condemnation it merits from every writer who mentions it. The "New Poor Law" is more to our purpose, because its history is not so well-known, and it is commonly assumed to have represented an enlightened and successful policy. The truth is that the New Poor Law was no less bad than the old, though in a different way. The evil of the old system was the pauperization it produced, bringing the whole nation to the verge of bankruptcy; indeed, many of the parish communities were carried over the verge. The Reform of 1834 was designed not to make better provision for the poor, but to reduce pauperism, which in the minds of the reformers meant to reduce relief.

Two basic principles for the administration of legal relief were then laid down: one was the principle of "relief for destitution only" and the other was the principle of "less eligibility." The first principle meant that destitution, and not mere poverty, must be proved in an ap-

plicant before he had a right to claim relief; the second principle meant that the treatment accorded to dependents must be such as to make their condition less eligible, less desirable, than the condition of the poorest persons outside the Poor Law. The argument for this principle was that if the paupers were better treated than the poorest class of self-supporting laborers, the latter would prefer to become paupers. The administration of the Poor Law was to be deterrent, it was to prevent people from becoming paupers by making the condition of a pauper well-nigh unendurable. The Reform of 1834 succeeded in its object. It did cause an enormous reduction of pauperism, but the saving of public money was attained by the sacrifice of human lives. Dickens was one of the insurgents against the callous utilitarianism dominant in his day, and the first four chapters of "Oliver Twist" are a fierce satire on the principles and practice of the reformed Poor Law. This is how Dickens speaks of the reformers in the second chapter of "Oliver":

The members of the Board were very sage, deep, philosophical men; and when they came to turn their attention to the workhouse, they found out at once, what ordinary folks would never have discovered, the poor people liked it. It was a regular place of public entertainment for the poorer classes; a tavern where there was nothing to pay; a public breakfast, dinner, tea and supper all the year round; a brick and mortar elysium, where it was all play and no work. "O-ho," said the Board, looking very knowing, "we are the fellows to set this to rights; we'll stop it all in no time." So they established the rule, that all the poor people should have the alternative, for they would compel nobody, not they, of being starved by a gradual process in the house, or by a quick one out of it. . . . For the first six months after Oliver Twist was removed, the system was in full operation. It was rather expensive at first, in consequence of the increase in the undertaker's bill, and the necessity of taking in the clothes of all the paupers, which fluttered loosely on their wasted, shrunken forms, after a week or two's gruel. But the number of workhouse inmates got thin as well as the paupers; and the Board was in ecstasies.

Incredible as it seems, Dickens scarcely exaggerated. The inhumanities of the "less eligibility" policy were ruthlessly practised, until it was proved that the policy did not even save expense. The first abandonment of the principle of "less eligibility" was in the case of pauper children. It was found that by giving them a better education than other poor children then received, there was more prospect of getting them to a profitable trade, and thus making them self-supporting. The next thing found was that Poor Law institutions were periodically in the grip of infectious diseases, and that, especially among the children, diseases of the eyes were endemic. As the paupers did not all die off quickly, but in many cases lived on in a chronically sick condition, it was deemed more economical to safeguard their health by applying better hygienic standards in the workhouse than prevailed in the least salubrious districts outside. Further, it was eventually found that in regard to the sick in the workhouse-hospitals it was cheaper to try to cure them as quickly as possible, than to prevent the patients from getting any excess of care or comfort, such as might

make their lot seem enviable to the unpauperized poor outside.

Never in its whole history, from its beginning in the reign of Elizabeth to the present day, has the English system of State relief been anything but a mischievous thing, constantly amended but always remaining a failure. Not a single sociologist in England today regards it as anything but an unavoidable evil at best. It is in dealing with children that the State system most signally fails, and it may interest philanthropic experts in this country to know that of recent years the policy of English Poor Law authorities has been to take children from State Homes and board them out with private institutions, paying the latter sums ranging up to eleven shillings a week per child for maintenance.

Thus England is departing from her State system and turning to private agencies just at the time when certain factions in the United States are intent on crushing out private charities, and setting up the system which has proved so disastrous in the older country.

HENRY SOMERVILLE.

A College Indictment

A NEW book has been hurled at our colleges for the purpose of rousing them from their lethargy. It is alleged that they are teaching their men plain facts about everything except American life. They are failing to transmit to America's sons the soul of their sires, which was eminently the spirit of revolution. Religious revolt made the Mayflower sail; it was political revolt that affixed signatures to Thomas Jefferson's Fourth-of-July manuscript. Today social revolution is in order; but the eyelids of faculties are heavy. Why? Because, thinks Mr. Seymour Deming, it is policy for professors to nod on this subject. They depend upon capital for their salaries, and can expect nothing from championing the cause of labor except dismissal. Generally, institutions of learning are large corporations; they decline to preach revolution against themselves. This, of course, is well, for themselves, but, according to Mr. Deming, is a serious incapacitation to their students. Graduates are released from the hands of Alma Mater in tender innocence of the seething sea of American life, and with nothing to buoy them up, when they trip into it, but a be-ribboned roll of sheepskin. They have a yawning acquaintance with Euripides and Kant; they know nothing about the masses under their very eyes, that are growing blacker and surlier every day and, if not befittingly calmed, will cause the country to quake from Maine to California. Yet these callow and unsophisticated intellects are those to which the country must look for future leadership. How can the nation progress; they fill its chief positions and hold it back? No; our college men should be educated to face the world with nostrils aquiver with the spirit of change, and so on. And in such wise the specious plaint goes on in favor of Socialism.

But *should* there be a social revolution? The radicals themselves will admit that this is a sane and sober question; else they would not expend so much energy and earnestness in trying to answer it. But so long as it remains a question, why should the colleges be censured for not teaching it as a positive doctrine? This is certainly clear: that the country is groaning under social afflictions and that a remedy must be found. This certainly is dubious: that the glittering ungolden knife of Socialism should dash across our population and cut it to a clean level and equality. The colleges teach the former necessity; they have no right to urge the latter speculation.

Besides, economic professors are far from being the fossils that the latest remarks about them would indicate. They are quite alive to the questions of the day; sometimes too much so, witness the recent celebrated case of Scott Nearing. That they so infrequently become inflated with the heat of enthusiasm and float away into Utopia, may be due to their good cool reasoning. It is possible that they have prudence and stamina enough to keep from sinning in the name of progress. They are not blown about by every wind of social doctrine, but stand firm, piercing the gloom for truth and ready to travel in its direction when the path thereunto is opened up. Colleges should not be the seats of social cranks; they should diffuse the light of truth through the land, not exhale the sparks of sedition. The genius who loses his head at the contemplation of the woes of the nation, is hardly the one to right those wrongs; much less to mold the thoughts of young men. It is the social scientist who quietly conducts his investigation, quietly considers the results, quietly seeks the remedy and quietly proceeds to apply it, that should be acclaimed as the people's friend. Opposite conduct indicates amateurs, sentimentalists, enthusiasts; an abundance of whom, in the sphere of economics, our colleges happily do not possess.

To the good of social science and the shame of ourselves, we have become aware that every twelfth corpse in New York City arrives at the Potter's Field or the dissecting table. But is this any reason for rank Socialism? Hardly. It strikes the normal professor of economics that an old-age and sick-insurance provision, such as obtains in the "Fatherland," would be a more expedite and less tumultuous specific.

We know that three-fourths of our laborers receive less than twelve dollars a week. It is a modern miracle that families subsist as often as they do on such incomes; it is sadly easy to understand why they degenerate. What the average department-store wage of six-and-a-half dollars a week means to the virtue and happiness of young girls adrift in the city, may be conjectured. But is all this a reason for teachers to unfurl the banner of rebellion? On the contrary, they perceive that the solution of the problem is a minimum-wage law. Happily nine States have passed such wise legislation; the colleges might help inspire the residue to do the same. This

would not be revolt against the old order but sensible effort to abolish its abuses; a teaching to capitalists of the good old virtue and ultimate profit of fairness and a sensible non-inflammatory *exposé* to working-men of their real, in contradistinction to their imaginary, rights. Such a dignified measure is worthy of learned professors and intelligent pupils. But a wholesale slaughter of the existing order and a throwing of fiery brands into the masses can be deemed patriotic and productive of good only by the radical, who imagines twice as much as he thinks and thinks half as much as he feels.

We know that our country is strewn with the human wrecks of industry, that public institutions are too inadequate to attend to all of them, and that the burden of taxpayers is being constantly increased. But is Socialism the means to brush away these sorry conditions? Not clearly. It appears that the workman's compensation law will be a far more timely and effectual sweeper. Thirty States have already adopted this to their satisfaction. Surely this indicates that the gray matter of our country is not being steeped in the waters of Lethe, and that our college faculties, which so largely influence public opinion, are not all lolling in the land of the lotus.

Six millions of our women do the work of men, under unsanitary conditions too. What this means to the children of tomorrow, is gloomily obvious. But to our consolation and confidence, twenty-four States have already passed mothers' pension laws; the others may be induced by the intellects among us to follow suit.

With such plain and commendable steps in the right direction, who will be pessimistic enough to assert that America is not even beginning to solve her problems? Is it at all right that professors who make important social investigations and exhortations and educate scholars to do the same, should be denounced as guilty of supineness or of a greater desire to pinch pennies than to recognize the needs of the day, simply because they refuse to be out-and-out Socialists?

The necessity of national improvement is not, as Mr. Deming would have it, synonymous with the need of social revolution. A mighty national gyration might just as well bring us backward as forward, or leave us precisely at the point of discord where we already are. Our real desire is to progress, not to pirouette. Let us not be deluded by the fact that sometimes in the past revolution and progress were concomitants; the combination was accidental. Professors are to be praised for not canonizing a social doctrine of chance.

The great force for improvement is public opinion. The more it is Christianized, the more it will be humanized, the sooner will it settle our social problems by aiding the perverse will of man and thereby inspiring the enactment of equitable and ameliorative laws. Not Socialism, which subverts the present order, but Christianity, which perfects it, is our country's present need. If, with so little of the old doctrine of Christ in American life, we have accomplished much for the betterment of our

society, how much more we might effect if we possessed the precious dispensation in all its fulness! Though colleges are to be esteemed for not yielding immoderately to the extravagant social ideas of present-day materialists, they might well be criticized for deferring to their extravagant scientific opinions. By following precipitately modern theories of the universe, they are leading our young men, in whose hands the future of our nation rests, from Christianity. And in proportion as true religion departs, the rumbles of an approaching storm grow louder. We shall simply have to invoke the tempest-soothing Voice sooner or later. Why not sooner?

Our teachers behold France, chastened with sorrow, kneeling in supplication to the erstwhile Repudiated One. Do we need sorrow to be chastened? Are the sinister results of positivistic doctrine so dim that it should still be taught from rostrums?

If indeed, as Mr. Deming opines, the nostrils of our students should be treated to revolutionary saltpeter, let professors give it to them and plenty of it; but let it be of a religious rather than a social brand; let the revolt be against the godlessness of the day; let the object be the placing of the Rock of Ages back in its proper place. Then America may look forward to calm sunshine instead of lurid lightning-flash. When the Kingdom of God is first sought, all things are added.

EDWARD F. MURPHY, M.A.

Catholic Lawyers and Reading

I STRENUOUSLY object to being deemed an alarmist. I am not one at all. I am taking the situation at its face value and the proof of my contention is to be found in the daily paper. We are today facing a most disturbing condition of affairs in almost every phase of life. Our ideas, our conceptions of fundamental principles are attacked by the "newer thought." This would lead us to adopt immoral standards for the accepted and Divinely-given precepts that are world-old. Politically, the trend of our legislation is veering toward Socialism; and religious bigotry, the least subtle danger of all, has of late raised its crass, snaky locks and shaken them more violently than ever. It is not so much a question of the existence of these evils as an adequate preparedness on our part to combat them. Inasmuch as we are quite convinced that they do exist, it is rather a waste of time to argue gravely over their existence, and meanwhile to neglect entirely the more pressing demand for forces to meet them.

The first thought a person has in discussing preparedness in things military concerns the number and the equipment of the standing army in existence. It is with a somewhat similar idea in mind that one surveys the field and takes total of the standing army of Catholic laymen. It is our Catholic laymen upon whom the brunt of the contest largely falls, and it is, therefore, our Catholic laymen who must prepare if they are not

properly prepared at present. Particularizing still more, it is respectfully submitted that it is to Catholic professional men to whom we must turn as to a trained standing army. For he, if any one, is qualified to take a place among the "regulars."

By reason of his training and the breadth of experience and sympathy which the wide scope of his endeavors opens to him, the standing of the lawyer is altogether unique. He is in a position to lead, and usually does lead, in all matters of public interest. His voice is accepted as that of an authoritative commentator on almost every question of public interest. Thus he frames more than others public opinion. It is not, therefore, at all unreasonable to suggest that our first line of defense and offense should be our Catholic lawyers. To them the Church has a right to look not only to scent danger and provide for it, but to take a prudent initiative.

In a battle of brains preparedness is as important as in a battle of strength and steel. Are Catholic lawyers properly prepared? Proper preparation means constant reading and study, constant looking to the guns, constant watchfulness that the armor be ever shining.

It is some months since a friend of mine did his best to spoil a dinner for me by painting the terrible waste of time of which I had been guilty in confining my literary grazing in the past two or three years to fields of professional pertinence. It was, therefore, quite apropos for me to inquire of some of my lawyer friends just how much reading lawyers do in these latter days of alleged progress in everything under the sun. One well-known New England lawyer expressed the consensus of opinion by saying, "The lawyer who reads a solid book, interesting from a purely intellectual point of view, is rare." I think that this is true. Some of the older school have kept up and re-read the classics of their college days. One well-known jurist confesses to a fondness for military history and has read all that has been written on the Civil War, and most of what has been written on the Franco-Prussian War of 1870. The average lawyer of standing, however, apart from matters pertaining to cases with which he is connected, reads to greater or less extent books bearing upon matters of professional interest, and the development and trend of legal thought. Aside from what we may term "reading shop," lawyers do not turn to books in serious mood but rather simply for diversion, and in doing so confine themselves to the very lightest and frothiest of fiction. I do not submit this as a guess, but as the opinion of men who have been members of the bar for years, and who speak not from mere hearsay but from certain knowledge.

In defense of the profession it is only fair to say that, without reference to the pressing requirements of such cases as he may have in hand, the reading which a lawyer must do, in order to keep up with the trend of legal thought and the vast number of decisions constantly being handed down, is staggering. A New York attorney, for example, must run through, at least in cursory fashion,

a couple of hundred pages of recent decisions in the State courts alone every week. To have his equipment properly up-to-date he must go beyond that and at least take a bird's-eye view of the legal thought of the nation at large. Hence, except during the vacation time, a lawyer active in his profession confines himself rather closely to subjects intimately connected with his daily work. Indeed the mental and physical exhaustion incident to his practice makes it extremely difficult for him to delve into other serious fields, even when he has the inclination to do so.

It is hardly a hazarded suggestion, therefore, that the answer to the question, What do lawyers read? is that lawyers read practically nothing at all, outside of professional matters, and what is true of lawyers in general is exactly true of Catholic lawyers. Returning to my earlier thoughts in this paper, it is clear that we must reach but one conclusion. There is need of trained minds to combat the unethical ideas which surcharge modern thought. There is need of men capable of challenging Socialism with a mental equipment worthy of that foe. There is need of informed men who can refute bigoted attacks upon the Church and insidious attempts by her enemies to injure her in ways familiar by reason of their recent occurrence. There is no body of laymen in the Church so able and so enthusiastic in the protection, defense and prosecution of rights as the members of the bar. There is nothing that needs protection, defense and prosecution today more than simple Christian ethics, more than the ordinary fundamental ideas of property and liberty within reason, more than the Church herself. The Catholic lawyer is willing to do his part, but he is not prepared. He cannot be prepared until he appreciates the situation and is willing to undertake the mental preparedness that is essential to what can only be considered plain duty. What do lawyers read? Very little. What should lawyers read? The answer, by reason of the multifold necessities that confront us, would be encyclopedic. But each should do his individual best. The lawyers have been in the past the leaders in the community. Theirs are trained minds and they it is who will continue to lead in the future.

Granting that this entails added labor and personal sacrifice, it is nevertheless such a pressing duty that further discussion of this phase of the question would amount to a discussion of the axiomatic. The realization of our needs and the fact that the average Catholic lawyer reads practically nothing at all make for us premises leading to but one conclusion. The services of our Catholic lawyers are needed but they must prepare in order to render them effectively.

A Catholic member of the bench of a Southern State characterizes outside reading for the Catholic lawyer as a duty, that he may "know how to keep Christ in the law." But his duty goes beyond that, for he is an apostle in even wider fields and for even broader endeavors.

EDWARD KELLY HANLON.

Saying My Prayers in Latin

"LEARN to sing great songs like *Credo* and *Veni Creator* in a great tongue like Latin," writes Father McNabb in the striking little set of directions wherewith he points the pilgrim along the "way to medievalism." Latin is indeed a great tongue to sing in, and a great tongue in which to pray. Those of us who were altar boys learned this unconsciously while serving Mass and assisting at Vespers. We lisped in Latin at first; gradually we came to use it piously, with spiritual profit. And with some of us the habit has endured.

Is it considering too curiously to wonder why a Latin *Pater Noster* yields more comfort than an English Our Father, and why an *Ave Maria* seems more prayerful than a Hail Mary? Perhaps it is. Yet the fancy is pleasant and persists. Though there be no more merit in a *Salve Regina* than in a Hail Holy Queen, one may be pardoned for confessing the preference. Latin will not take us to heaven, but there are many who speak it there. There is satisfaction in the thought that one is praying as Jerome prayed, and Augustine. Their fervor is beyond us, but we may follow them closely through their formal devotions.

We are not asked to suspend our admiration for good Latinity whilst we are engaged in the solemn business of prayer. There is a literary excellence in the great prayers as in the great hymns; and if it be a distraction to dwell on it a little, doubtless it is a minor weakness. Who can recite the *Salve Regina* without valuing the music of its phrases, the insinuating grace of its appeal? The great prayers were not worded carelessly, and to me the *Salve Regina* is one of the greatest. It was not poverty of language which caused the use of *dulcedo* and *dulcis* so close together. For the *Salve Regina* is compact of sweetness. That *Eia ergo* has a fragrance which the English words could not imprison. It is irresistible. It is as though a little child plucked pleadingly and with a smile at his mother's dress. There is another phrase in this prayer which I never cease to admire: *illos tuos misericordes oculos*. Only those who love the savor of good Latin appreciate the suavity of that *illos tuos*. It is as though we had taken a liberty in saying *Eia ergo*, and sought to atone with a little extra politeness.

The Latin of the Mass is full of these felicities of style, this verbal dignity. There are those who speak of "Church Latin" and imply a reproach; but it seems to me that your love of Latin is neither deep nor Catholic unless you enjoy this Latin of the Mass as well as the Latin of the Augustans. There is style here and form no less than in an eclogue of Vergil or an oration of Cicero. The Mass is a drama which mounts steadily to its climax, and the Latin mounts with it. The musician in the

understands this better than the worshiper in the pew; the worshiper has the habit of reading the *Ordo Missæ*.

It is reading is a never-ending delight. I gave it up once for a compilation of Latin prayers translated principally from the liturgy of St. John Chrysostom. The superlatives and the Oriental ornament of phraseology soon sent me back to it. Here are many "great songs," as Father McNabb so justly terms them—not *Credo* alone but also *Confiteor* and *Gloria* and *Lavabo* and *Vere Dignum* and *Communicantes* and *Nobis Quoque Peccatoribus*, to say nothing of any number of little songs, the lyric cries of the great Sacrifice. Have we all our favorites among these? I confess a special liking for the *Munda Cor Meum* and the *Suscipe, Sancte Pater* and the *Suscipiat Dominus*, although this last is a knotty piece of Latinity, the altar boy's *pons asinorum*. But there is one little prayer in the Mass which above all others puts upon me a curious charm. It is the Memorial of the Dead which ends with the words: *Qui nos praeservavit cum signo fidei, et dormiunt in somno pacis*. I know of nothing which affects me in quite the same way except certain lines on purgatory in "The Dream of Gerontius."

EDWARD F. O'DAY.

A Triumph in Stained Glass

EVERY one interested in medieval stained glass would do well to visit the new Church of St. Agnes, Euclid Avenue and Eighty-first Street, Cleveland, Ohio. The edifice is destined to become a hallowed spot of artistic pilgrimage. With scarcely half-a-dozen exceptions, there is not a Catholic church in America where the glass can at all approach the excellence there attained. Indeed, it is not unworthy of comparison with that found in some of the ancient French and English cathedrals, whose glass is still the wonder and admiration of the world.

The Catholic churches of the United States are desecrated by caricatures of stained glass. For centuries a blight has been put upon the great art of glass-making, until it has well-nigh perished from the earth. Go where we will throughout the length and breadth of this fair land, we will see the selfsame catalogue windows, the same insipid Madonnas, the same feminized saints, the same baby-doll countenances, the same monotonous and perpetually repeated designs, the same stereotyped attitudes, without life, without interest, without individuality, without character.

The glass at Cleveland merits attention and study simply because its makers, possessing the instinct of genius and true creative power, knew the boundaries of their art. They did not trespass its frontiers, but kept well within its confines. They did not set out to rival Raphael or Veronese by giving us vast reaches of perspective, nor did they attempt to make the glass the most important feature of the building. There is not a single window in the church in which we find realism displayed, or natural forms copied, or natural colors imitated.

Although the Cleveland windows did not cost a great amount of money, yet they are grandly conceived, nobly expressed, and they flash back fire from every side, because they accord with every basic law of the exquisite art of glass-making. By so doing, they separate St. Agnes's Church as if by an abyss from practically every other Catholic church in America. A stained-glass window is simply a piece of colored or translucent decoration. It must never give a description or tell a story, or fade away into a distant perspective, however lovely. It should be treated in a flat, formal and conventional manner, without any attempt whatever at modeling. That belongs to another art, to other craftsmen, and to other media. There must be no great sheets of glass modeled into flowing drapery, no wind-blown veils, no enchanting scenery. Furthermore, each panel in the window must be a unit, and its figures must not reach out beyond the dimensions of that panel; that is, there must be no outstretched arms, interrupted by mullions, no recumbent figures cut into segments and occupying several compartments of a window.

Too often we lose sight of the fundamental purpose of a stained-glass window. In its historical significance, it is not an opening in the wall, but a portion of the wall itself. The window is not an end in itself, but merely a means to that end. Originally, the stone tracery was pierced by a small opening, and this opening was then filled with colored glass. This was the birth of stained glass in the Orient long centuries ago. Hence the very essence of a stained-glass window is that it continues the structural surface of the wall; it must keep to its place, for that place is an honored one, hand-maiden though it be to surrounding architecture, which it embellishes so magnificently. Consequently, it must subordinate itself to architectural requirements. It must be planned and executed with a serious regard for its place as a component part in a great artistic whole. A stained-glass window is not the whole orchestra. It only plays a part, and it must keep to that part, and beat time in unison with the master mind, the architect; otherwise, the result will be a clashing discord, not a melodious symphony.

This is why a stained-glass window should be a mosaic of comparatively small pieces of glass, held together by strips of lead,

of varying widths. The leads, the heirs of the iron bands of former days, are of quite as much importance as the glass, and great skill is required in their handling, for they punctuate and divide paragraphs of flame with lines of ink. The leads must not be minimized, or concealed, or reduced to invisible lines, as if they were a mere expedient or an inevitable misfortune, from which an escape was sought. They are of vital structural importance, and must be as carefully studied and as fully respected as the glass itself, for to the glowing colors of the quivering glass, they add a strength and vigor and an energy that would otherwise be lacking.

These are some of the fundamental laws governing genuine stained glass. They are not new, for they are to be found imbedded in every text-book on the subject, but they are briefly repeated here to indicate that the leaded glass windows in the new Church of St. Agnes, Cleveland, conform to every one of these laws, and the result, worthy of the best days of the Middle Ages, is well-nigh marvelous.

This article is not intended to describe the windows in detail. No third-hand account will do them justice. One must be present and feel the effect. The great northern rose, high up in the façade, twinkling with an almost barbaric burst of splendor, is the crowning glory of the edifice, with its amazing, deep, gem-like coloring. The tones are as rich and as soft as those of a Persian rug, and the black lead lines give a continual contrast to the unaccustomed dignity and refinement of this glowing labyrinth of translucent jewels. The windows in the nave and apse and clerestory flash out into the cool darkness like the glow of dying embers. No imperial robe could exceed the splendor of their sheer loveliness, with their sparkling greens and lordly violets, their royal purples and brilliant yellows. Where can we find such infinite variety, such a wide range of color, such sudden and harmonious contrasts, such fine restraint of tone? It would be difficult to parallel the glory of their deep, rippling, virginal blues, or to resist the imperious bugle cry of their resonant, dancing, gorgeous reds. Nowhere else in Cleveland, and in but few places in America, can one experience such a subtle sense of beauty as in their rich, sober, mysterious tones. They make one feel that he has wandered back into the forgotten centuries, and beholds once again the dusky hues and blazing colors of the great western rose at Chartres, or the far-famed lancets high up at Poitiers.

THOMAS F. COAKLEY, D.D.

The Sweet Girl Graduate

YES, it was all over now. She was home at last, a little tired after the day's excitement, a little frayed in nerves, but radiant and beautiful and wonderful. She sat down in the chair by the window, close to a little table on which a vase of roses stood. They were the choicest of June flowers, but as she sat there, pensive and quiet for the moment, it would be hard to believe that even they could rival the perfection of her beauty. Pensive and quiet, yes, that was just it, as she looked out across the water to the green hillside loveliness beyond. But it was not the water, and it was not the green-clad heights, that made her thoughtful and full of reverie. It was something else. Perhaps that roll of parchment beside the vase of roses could tell the story, the long white cylinder tied with blue ribbon. For it was Commencement Day, and it was all over now.

Only a few hours back, and she was the center of interest on the flower-laden platform. We had seen her enter with her classmates, all in fairest white, and watched them as they took their places in the half-circle, to look forth upon the admiring throng of guests with a quiet composure altogether unstudied. For all the world they resembled some of the fragile glories of Puvis de Chavannes, and it would evoke no subtle power of imagining to fancy them a frieze of a master, living in all the color and glow of a master's craft. For they were wonderful

as Roman vestals gathered to hymn the song to the hearth goddess, lovely as Grecian maidens assembled in Arcadian days of yore to hear a poet chant the legends of fair Hellas. But it is always Arcady in June-time, and it is ever the maidens of Vesta, when the white-vestured graduates come forth to greet their friends.

It was only for a few, brief, fleeting moments that she sat there, glancing across the water. Very little could have happened in the world at which she gazed, or seemed to gaze. A little cloud crossed the sun, blown by an ambitious wind; a boat blew its siren horn and pushed up the stream; a sea-gull glided down from aloft and bathed her wings in the cool water; and ever the motor-cars whirled by on the road below. But in that short space, while the miraculous commonplace was acting its part, she remembered the entire content of the morning, her morning, which was such a priceless possession only a little while before. The memory of it, too, clung close to the actual fact, and it gave her something just short of reality, like a very vivid dream that one retraces in wakeful hours, the music, the flowers, the sea of faces in the audience, glad, joyous faces that had forgotten every care and anxiety, the addresses, the applause, the laughter and congratulations of mothers and fathers and friends.

She glanced from the river to the roses. How strange it all was. Yesterday she had been a schoolgirl, and today she was just a girl, with the school door closed behind her, and the precious school-days receding farther away with every thought she gave them. Yesterday she had been living for what each hour gave her, a gladsome, fairy life of seemingly eternal childhood; today she was a mortal, beginning to wonder, as mortals ever wonder, what was coming next. Tomorrow? Perchance that query wove itself in a nigh-subconscious way in her dreaming. Tomorrow—she might be grateful to the gods, perhaps, that she could not see to the long vistas of tomorrows that lead the way to the last syllable of recorded time.

But she had plans, fair counselings for herself and for all girl graduates of this lovely June-time. Was not her essay full of hope and optimism and forward-looking thoughts? Surely the audience had applauded her as she spoke, and there had been many there old enough to judge the value of her words.

"We stand at a juncture," she had said, "when a woman must do more than simply be a decorative effect in the household, or a continuous sweet chord of harmony. The feminists tell you that women have been mere violin solos long enough, and that they are tired of being passive landscape pictures, full of joy and sunlight, but signifying nothing; that it is woman's place to compete with man in the toil and moil of the day's work, for the applause and prizes of the world. Perhaps these thinkers are right; perhaps they are wrong; we girls who are finishing our school-life today do not know. It may be that we shall find out; it is possible that we shall not. But at all events, I feel, and we all feel, that the day has passed when the whole duty of a girl consists in looking pretty, in attending parties, and in never seeming tired. I do not mean by this that we must give up our teas and our dances; I mean that they must be incidental to life, and not life itself. We must be more than spectators of life, and we must be more, and do more, not in a random, haphazard way, but by taking thought, by premeditation. Our hearts have been trained to the right ideals, and the right sympathies, and the right motives; we must ever be keen and alert to weigh the scales between the good and the bad, the true and the spurious, the flawless and the faulty; we must ever follow the guidance of the inner light. What our work will be, we know not, but that there will be no idle souls we pledge our hearts and hands."

They had seemed to like it, she now reflected, all those mothers and fathers and friends; and she, who had been a child yesterday, and today was no longer a child, wondered if they had ever heard anything quite so ideal, or quite so sane and constructive.

These young graduates, fresh from school, would show the world the new order of womanhood; they would be feminine knights, ardent and full of derring-do, ready to cleanse the world of darkness and dreariness and deceit. They would not sit as idle virgins, with lamps untrimmed, waiting, waiting for what? They would learn to labor, and not to wait. The world was before them, and they before the world; the great adventure was about to begin; and they, who had been children but yesterday, and today had put away the toys of childhood, were eager for the quest.

Eager for the quest, indeed, even as June-time is eager for them. She is no dream-girl, this maiden of my meditations, no vision conjured up from futile imaginings, but your sister and mine, looking out on the world for the first time with woman's eyes. She is glad of life, glad of the years to come, glad of the golden glories that she believes are awaiting her. There is no room in her magical city for the shadow of sorrow. It may come even tomorrow, but there is none today, and her whole heart is a symphony of joy, whose notes ring blithely in the burden of a long *Victura*. She who is about to live sings her gladness to the world; nothing finer, nothing fairer, nothing braver can the world ever hear. And so, with her thoughts and her roses, we leave her, radiant and beautiful and wonderful.

JOSEPH FRANCIS WICKHAM, M.A.

Catholic Landmarks of Pittsburgh

THERE are few spots in western Pennsylvania richer in historical interest than the site of the rude fortification at the confluence of the Allegheny and Monongahela Rivers, from which sprang what is now the city of Pittsburgh. Here are enshrined the memories of fierce wars between savagery and civilization and between soldier of France and soldier of England. Above the bustle and smoke rise Pittsburgh's innumerable hills, once forest-clad, over which Catholic missionaries laboriously climbed on their toilsome apostolic journeys. These same hills bear today abundant evidence of Catholicism. How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that preacheth salvation! Let us take our stand on Duquesne Heights, the crest of one of its many steep cliffs. There in the shadow of the Church of St. Mary of the Mount, one of the most conspicuous in the city, we see spread out before us in every direction an enchanting panorama. The Cross crowns the summit of the city's seventeen hills, and on all sides the eye is confronted with ancient and modern Catholic landmarks. At our feet stood the old French Fort Duquesne. It was here, within the limits of the stockade, in a chapel bearing the name of "The Assumption of the Virgin of the Beautiful River," that, 162 years ago, Father Denys Baron, chaplain of the French forces, offered up the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass for the first time on the spot where now stands the city of Pittsburgh. The forest primeval was the sacred spot, the stately oaks with their soaring branches and wide-spreading arches was his cathedral, the flowers sent up their perfume as incense, and instead of a deep organ there was the music of the birds.

From this high point we look down into the very heart of the business district. In every section there is ground sacred to Catholics. The first parochial school in the diocese stood at the corner of Webster and Chatham Streets, adjoining the present Sisters of Mercy Home for Working Girls. The first hospital in the city was opened by the Sisters of Mercy in Stevenson Street; the first orphan asylum was located in lower Penn Avenue; the first college was erected on Wylie Avenue, in the "Hump District," and has since been succeeded by Duquesne University, one of the most striking landmarks of the city.

Enthroned upon the crest of a hill is the Mother House of the Sisters of Mercy. Pittsburgh was the first home of the

Congregation in America, and their first convent was on Penn Avenue, now in the business district. It was by members of this community that practically all the other communities of the Congregation in this country were founded. There were seven Sisters in the little band that first crossed the Atlantic, but they were a distinguished company, two of them being cousins of Cardinal Wiseman, one a relative of Cardinal Cullen.

To the south, on the slope of another hill, is St. Paul's Monastery, the first foundation of the Passionist Congregation in America. It stands today as it has for many years, a source of comfort and consolation to numberless souls. The mere mention of this holy cloister brings up memories of the saintly Father Anthony, the founder and first superior of the Congregation in the New World, whose name is still in benediction among those who are of a former generation.

On another height to the north, still known as "Nunnery Hill," once stood the Convent of the Poor Clares, in the year 1828 the only convent of the Congregation in the United States. Farther east on still another sharp cliff, known as Troy Hill, is the Home of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd. This hill was the scene of the labors of Father Mollinger, whose fame as a healer spread through the United States and Canada a quarter of a century ago. On Troy Hill he erected a shrine in honor of St. Anthony, an object of pilgrimage to thousands. To the southeast, on still another elevation, is the convent of the Passionist nuns, the first and only community of the Congregation in this country.

The many thousands who pass daily through the Union Station do not realize that they are treading on holy ground, for here was the site of the first Catholic cemetery. Directly across from the Union Station once stood "old St. Patrick's," the first church of the diocese. For half a century after 1758 Pittsburgh had no resident pastor, and the spiritual needs of the Catholics, who comprised a few scattered families, were ministered to by missionaries, among whom were Bishop Flaget of Bardstown, Kentucky, and Prince Gallitzin.

Not far from the Union Station are St. Philomena's Church and house, the scene of the labors of the Redemptorist Fathers, the first religious community in Pittsburgh, for they came to the city in 1839. The names of two of the saintly priests of this Congregation, Father Neumann, later Bishop of Philadelphia, and Father Seeles, are now placed on the list of candidates for canonization. The Western Hemisphere can now boast of only one canonized saint, but Pittsburgh hopes to see two of her zealous workers raised to the altar before many years have passed.

To those who know the history of the city there is no site more reminiscent of the past than the plot of ground on the corner of Fifth Avenue and Grant Street, for there old St. Paul's once stood. In 1843 the Rev. Michael O'Connor was made first Bishop of Pittsburgh, and St. Paul's became his Cathedral. Bishop O'Connor was in many respects an extraordinary man and he had an unusual career. As he knelt before the Pope to ask permission to become a Jesuit, the Pontiff replied: "Yes, but you shall be a bishop first." Nevertheless he later resigned his see and became a Jesuit, visiting Pittsburgh as a missionary. In 1851 old St. Paul's was destroyed by fire, and work was immediately begun on St. Paul's Cathedral, which stood until it was sold in 1903. It was a nursery of bishops, and no less than eight have been stationed there, as pastors or as assistants to pastors.

Did space permit, one might go on describing the growth of many other religious institutions in Pittsburgh and recounting the lives of its zealous workers. The Catholics of the city rejoice today in the memory of more than 150 years of work well done, and they review with pride the roll-call of Pittsburgh's many laborers in God's vineyard.

HELEN SCHMIDT.

COMMUNICATIONS

Letters, as a rule, should be limited to six hundred words

The Dependent Child

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The heartfelt gratitude and thanks of the entire Catholic community, not only of New York City, but of the country at large, are due in no small measure to AMERICA and its editors, for the manner in which they are laying bare the undercurrents of the Charities Investigation. From the beginning it was apparent to all fair-minded persons, of whatever creed, that "some one had blundered," but now the mask is off and the real situation is revealed in all its insidiousness. The movement had better be abandoned, because the secularization of our institutions will never be tolerated by the Catholics of the United States. Our people have given abundant proof of their loyalty to the Church by building and maintaining schools where the faith of their own children may be preserved; but not less precious in their eyes is the faith of the dependent children, those "least ones" of the flock of Christ, whose protection and care they consider a sacred trust imposed upon them by the Master Himself. From Him they have learned in what regard He holds His little ones. He tells us, "The poor you have always with you." "The poor have the Gospel preached to them." And who is poorer than the dependent child? The Catholics of this country have a bounden duty to safeguard the dependent child's faith, and this duty they will not shirk.

As for the capability of the devoted men and women who have in charge the physical and moral welfare of these children, there never was, and never will be a doubt. Nor has the time arrived when the Catholic Church must look for instruction to those outside her Fold "for the purpose of raising the moral standards" of her institutions. The Church has been engaged in "raising the moral standards" of the world for nineteen centuries, and will continue to do so until the end of time. It was precisely for this purpose that her Divine Founder instituted His Sacraments, and to these must be subordinated all other agencies of so-called moral uplift.

The question is asked in AMERICA for June 17: "Will this insidious attack upon the Faith of our children fail?" Emphatically, yes, it must fail. If "the answer depends upon the practical devotion of every Catholic in New York to the Church and to her maligned institutions," then it has failed, and every effort to take the Faith from the heart of the dependent child will be met by a counter-effort to implant it there more securely. This has been the history of the Church in the past, and there is no doubt that she will remain true to her traditions. There need be no fear then that the Catholic citizens of this country, for any consideration, will ever "lend their aid to the further spread of the kingdom of darkness."

Brooklyn, N. Y.

ROSALIND X. SHIEL.

Pussyfooting

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In many of the large centers of this country Catholics measure up about as follows: fifty per cent protest, forty per cent aspiration, and ten per cent constructive work. It is to be expected that this calculation will meet with objection, and this to a certain extent will assist in proving its correctness, because the identity of the probable objectors is obvious. If consistent and persistent efforts were to be made, the percentage of waste represented by aspiration and protest

could readily be resolved into constructive work, and it certainly would do no harm to charge up to protesting about ten per cent of our total effort. This would leave about ninety per cent of our efforts to the salutary and necessary work of self-capitalization.

Never in the history of this country have Catholics been better organized. In this respect at least we are models for other creeds. We see on all sides that sincerest form of flattery, imitation; and emulation on the part of other churches directly points to the absolute need of continued effort and work, along what might be termed the same lines, but in a different direction. We have been extending our activities, and very profitably too. Is it not time that we began to do some intensive work? We can do it, and the call has sounded. Trade may be coarse, it may be vulgar, and leaders with temperamental natures warn us not to dissipate our varied gifts in the crass work of money-making, but an examination of our moral, mental and physical makeup reveals the fact that we also have capacity for leadership in things commercial. Our rights and our destiny both demand that we cease being hewers of wood and drawers of water and that we turn a deaf ear to the siren voice of politics.

Let any one who doubts these statements make careful, quiet investigation for himself. The effort will repay him, and will bring him some surprises, more or less disagreeable, according to the degree of his interest in the question. Some one has said that only about one per cent of the total population of this great country does any independent thinking. A frightful indictment, if figures can be produced to support it. Color is given to the accusation by observing the life around us, and if every thinking reader of your paper would resolve to do some necessary independent thinking about material things, it would not be a great while before the Catholics of this country would be ninety per cent efficient in the matter of their material welfare. We need the improvement; we appreciate its dire necessity; if we will, we can.

Dorchester, Mass.

JAMES D. RUSSELL.

A Mythical Ordinance

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In your issue for June 10 there was an article on "Catholic Landmarks in Cincinnati." Among the statements made was the following:

The first settlers of Cincinnati were chiefly Presbyterians, and their hatred of the Church stamped their conduct in the framing of an ordinance, which forbade the building of a Catholic place of worship within the confines of the town.

This statement has no foundation in fact, so far as any original documentary evidence can show. Some fifteen years ago I had occasion to prepare a paper on "Early Cincinnati." Having heard this statement many times, I gave the matter a systematic investigation, looking up the old ordinances and the newspapers of the period, especially the files of the newspaper that contained the call for the meeting at Michael Scott's house.

The explanation of the selection of the site, in Northern Liberties, is simply this, that inasmuch as the Catholics were scattered throughout the county, a church located outside the city limits would be more convenient than one within the city itself. I could find nothing further, nor has the alleged ordinance ever been referred to, nor can it be found in any of the compilations.

It would be difficult to imagine how, with the Ordinance of 1787, the Constitution of the United States and the Ohio Constitution of 1801 in existence, all of which documents provide

for religious liberty, any such ordinance could have been passed, however narrow some of the inhabitants might have been. This item has been given wide circulation. The "Catholic Encyclopedia" repeats it in its article on Cincinnati, and doubtless many more publications have given it circulation. In the interest of historical truth, some effort should be made to stay its course.

Cincinnati.

W. F. Fox.

Fray Junipero's Habit

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I trust I may be pardoned if I venture to draw attention, although it is perhaps late to do so, to a minor inexactitude which appeared in AMERICA for October 2, 1915. In his interesting account of the Franciscan pilgrimage in California, in the article on Padre Fray Junipero Serra, Mr. Michael Williams says: "Most of the pilgrims were members of the Third Order of Saint Francis, and the Fathers of that Order accompanied the pilgrimage, wearing the *brown*, corded robes, as did their predecessors in the days gone by." Padre Fray Junipero Serra did not wear a *brown* habit, which is the one adopted by the Leonine Union of the Friars Minor. He wore the *blue* habit, characteristic of the Observantine Friars Minor of Mexico, to which branch of the Franciscan family he belonged. I may mention that during my residence in Mexico City I lived opposite the church and former convent of San Fernando, from which "Seraphic and Apostolic College" Fray Junipero set forth and obtained his coadjutors, and I am most interested in all that pertains to matters connected with my Seraphic Father's spiritual children.

Quito, Ecuador.

LUCIEN J. JEROME, III O.S.F.

An Error Corrected

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In reading Father C. C. Martindale's biography of Monsignor Robert Hugh Benson I have discovered an error which, it seems to me, is worth pointing out, and which Mr. Shane Leslie, in his very remarkable review of the volume in your columns, apparently did not notice. Father Martindale states that the late Father Tyrrell wrote "The Church and the Future" under the pseudonym of Ernest Engels. He is certainly mistaken in this. The pseudonym used by Father Tyrrell in that particular instance was Hilaire Bourdon.

New York.

LOUIS H. WETMORE.

Vacation Schools

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Can we not do something to make more universal throughout the country a movement which seems to be meeting with some success in St. Louis? I refer to the "Association of Vacation Schools." During the summer months our parochial schools lie idle, barring the time required for the necessary repairs which must be done after the wear and tear of the year. Could they not be used throughout the hot months for our poor children? Surely we need some place for our waifs at this season of distressing heat. The Protestants are each year taking larger and larger numbers of our city children to the country during the summer. It is to be feared that among them many of our Catholic children are to be found. Evidently a sojourn in the winning environment that Protestant wealth can provide cannot be helpful to their faith. Can we not do something to save them from such temptations which of course must be very alluring both to parents, especially foreigners, and to the children? Cannot our schools be thrown open to the poor, and have we not devoted

men and women enough to make sacrifices, and look after our Catholic poor at this time? As a general rule the schools with their playgrounds would afford room for recreation and for some respite at least from the heat and suffering which the children experience too often in the small rooms of their contracted homes.

By their ingenuity, zeal and self-sacrifice our pastors can surely invent not only recreations for the little ones but some useful employment such as sewing, perhaps too some little reading in common, possibly some instruction in Christian Doctrine. We owe it to our Catholic children to try by every means to save them from the allurements of the Protestant outings, and also to relieve them as much as possible from the intense sufferings which they must endure during the hot months. A movement of this kind, I am persuaded, could not but be very salutary both for health and for faith. Any little expense connected with it would be gladly borne by an appeal to the more charitably disposed in our congregations. It does not seem right that our large, cool and roomy school-buildings, built mainly by the contributions of the poor, should be bolted and barred during the sizzling months of July and August, while our little ones swelter and melt in the narrow, hot tenements in which they live, or in the scarcely less torrid streets.

New York.

GEORGE HARTLEY.

Another Historical Myth?

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The statement, said to have been made by John Quincy Adams at the placing of the corner-stone of the Cincinnati Astronomical Observatory, November 10, 1843, to the effect that the "Popish" cross should never be planted on the summit of Mt. Adams, seems to be without historical foundation. The story, which is referred to in Miss Minogue's article in the issue of AMERICA for June 10, has been told so often, that it seems worth while calling attention to the fact that it lacks foundation. The lengthy address of Adams was printed in Cincinnati in 1843, by Shepard & Co., under the title: "An Oration Delivered before the Cincinnati Astronomical Society on the Occasion of Laying the Corner Stone of an Astronomical Observatory on the 10th of November, 1843, by John Quincy Adams." There is no mention in the entire seventy-page pamphlet of the supposed utterance. The oration is an outline of the history of astronomy. The only statement that might possibly be suggestive of bigotry is the reference made by Adams to the treatment of Galileo by the Roman Congregation.

Washington, D. C.

RAYMOND PAYNE, S.T.L.

Not Talk but Work

To the Editor of AMERICA:

"The way to resume is to resume," said a politician when there was question of how to resume specie payment. This was my thought when I read the repeated plans for organizing and the appeals for funds to finance a "Legion of Defense," "Social Work," "Federation of Societies," and similar enterprises. There is too much talk and too little work, too much of schemes and too little of accomplishment. Organization is good when there is something to organize; but just as it is the small, fibrous rootlets that keep the tree alive, so it is individual local efforts that are effective in moral uplift, social service or defense of Catholicism. The principal object of conventions should not be to pass resolutions, but to show what has been done, and to thunder on every ear the question: What has your parish or diocese done? It is not to foster vainglory that the world should know which places are working and which are shirking.

Baraboo, Wis.

J. T. DURWARD.

A M E R I C A

A · CATHOLIC · REVIEW · OF · THE · WEEK

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Forty New York Immortals

FORTY citizens of New York, modest creatures who shrink from public gaze and newspaper notoriety, recently wrote to Mayor Mitchel about the Charities Investigation. Forthwith his Honor, who had been "consulted" about the letter, sent it to the papers which promptly did their noble duty by publishing the document. It is well they did so, for citizens now have another illustration of the nature of the press campaign that is being carried on in behalf of a broken idol and a lost cause.

The first paragraph of the document is worthy of a pensive Mariana who, confined in a moated grange far from madding politicians, has just "heard the news," and, being unaccustomed to discrimination, has mixed it up. That accomplished, there are set down these following statements which are worthy of comment:

(1.) We think it important to express our belief in the principle that the city government is charged with the duty of insisting that all private charitable institutions to which public moneys are paid to defray the expense of caring for the city's child-wards be required to conform to proper standards of cleanliness, nourishment and care of those children, prescribed by the public authorities.

That's a splendid principle; everybody believes it, even those who are not "noted citizens." But why did the forty immortals write it down? Do they mean to say that Catholic charitable institutions have not conformed to such standards? If so, they are hereby challenged to prove their statement. If not, they are reminded that a false insinuation is unworthy of one gentleman, much more of forty immortals.

(2.) We condemn the attempt of any and all representatives of such private institutions . . . to interfere with the impartial and thorough application of that principle.

This is excellent too; everybody agrees to it. But why did the forty immortals write it down? Do they mean

to say that representatives of Catholic institutions attempted the aforesaid interference? If so, they are challenged to prove the assertion. If not, they are reminded that a false insinuation is not in keeping with their high estate.

(3.) We especially deplore the attempt of a certain group of persons interested in some of these institutions to force the appearance of an issue on this subject between the Catholic Church as a whole and the civil government of the city.

Excellent again! But why did the forty immortals write it down? Do they mean to say that certain groups connected with Catholic institutions, and not Mayor Mitchel himself, attempted to force the appearance of such an issue? If so, they are challenged to prove the proposition. If not, they are reminded that a false insinuation is vulgar, to say the least.

(4) In our opinion the attempt of anyone, claiming to represent a religious organization, to obscure the issue by an appeal to sectarian prejudices deserves emphatic condemnation.

The forty demure immortals got mixed here, once again. They meant to write: In our opinion the attempt of the chief executive officer of the metropolis to obscure the issue by an appeal to popular prejudices deserves emphatic condemnation.

That is a fitting climax to the immortal document of the forty immortals. Everybody approves it. But of what avail all this? Are the Mayor and Kingsbury and Hotchkiss right? If so, cannot commissions and committees and courts vindicate them? If not, do Wickersham, Choate, Gary, Schiff and all the other immortals of the unblest litany intend "to try" the case in the public prints, thus hoping to cripple the hand of justice?

The Freedom of the Press

SPEAKING before the National Editorial Association at its thirty-fifth convention, Mr. Lee J. Rountree, in the annual presidential address, said among other things: "The freedom of the press knows no North or no South; it knows no East or West. Where there is no fraternity or freedom of the press, there is no liberty, only tyranny." He declared that the curtailing of this freedom is responsible for the European war:

It is my deliberate judgment that had the newspapers of Continental Europe been allowed by the royal censors to tell the truth, or even a substantial part of it, the dastardly and inhuman conflict would not now be a cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night on the world's horizon.

No one is likely to quarrel with Mr. Rountree for his championship of a sane freedom of the press. It is a right guaranteed by the laws of our country and one that is exercised, though not always wisely, almost without legal restriction. All the same, the editor is at fault in contrasting so unfavorably the official censorship of Continental Europe with the boasted liberty allowed in Great Britain and the United States. There is a censorship among us which is no less powerful than that to

which our continental brethren are subjected, a censorship which few of our editors are brave enough to disregard, public opinion. The tyranny of public opinion is no less a tyranny than that of legislative restriction, and submission to it is all the more inglorious because it is wholly voluntary.

The newspapers of the United States, and the magazines as well, with a few exceptions which are so uncommon as to stand out as things apart, pander to the wishes of the people. They do not intend to form public opinion, they cater to it. They keep their fingers on the pulse of the nation and give "the people what they desire." They are afraid to insist on sound principles consistently, to refute error disinterestedly, to tell unpalatable truth unreservedly. They are the thralls of patronage; they are slaves to subscribers and advertisers; they truckle to their readers. And although they are perfectly aware that the ethics of journalism demands that they should publish only such news as is fit to print, they open their columns only too often to items that are sensational, indecent and scandalous. No attack on religion or morality is too bold to be refused a welcome in their pages. Most emphatically journalism has a North and a South, an East and a West; but unfortunately they are often points in the land of darkness. The President of the National Editorial Association would have spoken more practically had he raised his voice in protest against this domestic tyranny, the tyranny of cowardice, the subservience to greed for wealth, the contemptible sacrifice of principle for gain. Nor was Mr. Josephus Daniels expressing the sense of the better portion of our population, in fact he was departing from the clear dictates of the natural law, when he solemnly told the same association that the first duty of any editor is to "print all the news. He has no business to deny his readers reports of everything that touches mankind." The Secretary of the Navy wants "no expurgated newspaper." It is, of course, a truism that there is no accounting for tastes, but there is comfort in the thought that the country is not accustomed to take this editor's pronouncements too seriously.

Nuns, Newspapers and the Restaurants

NEW YORK seems decidedly unfortunate in the character of its investigators. As if the recent Charities Investigation were not evidence enough, additional proof has been furnished by the Health Department which has been "investigating" the city's restaurants. According to an indignant editorial in the *New York World*, an establishment was rated "bad," if it did not furnish an individual towel for every employee. As a result, of 181 restaurants, including many of the largest in the metropolis, only one was found to be "good." Of the rest, 175 were "bad," and five were "fair."

Perhaps these restaurants were bad, but so is the reputation of the typical municipal Paul Pry. Of one estab-

lishment, Paul reported that "water from mildewed, leaky pipes dropped into simmering pots on the stove." Dr. Alfred W. McCann of the *Globe*, promptly camped on the trail of this charge. He found (1) that the pipes were not mildewed, (2) that they were not leaky, (3) that the stove was covered by an iron hood, through which not even water from leaky, mildewed pipes could drop. Whereupon he remarked that a certain city official had been guilty of "a lie, an indecent lie, an ignoble lie, an abominable lie."

Interesting as all this is, still more interesting are the action of the Health Commissioner and the attitude of the New York press. The Health Commissioner suddenly removed the chief investigator, on the ground that the matter was getting too much undesirable publicity. The *New York World* gravely remarked that "after all, it is the food and the way it is served, and not a crack in the ceiling that is of most importance." Other journals followed suit. The *Times* solemnly warned the public against panic. "The probability is," said the *Times*, "that in most of the restaurants, the handling of the food is better and safer than it is in the homes of the patrons." One restaurant in particular, exclaimed the *Globe*, had not been "inspected." "It had been raided." And the chorus swelled. The investigation was creating "a false impression."

Possibly the Health Department's investigators were indiscreet, inaccurate. If so, the city authorities and the watchful press promptly squelched the inaccuracy and indiscretion. But no one remembers any similar action on the part either of the newspapers, or of the municipal officers, in connection with the slanders spread broadcast during the Charities Investigation, although, to adopt the *World's* philosophy, "after all, it is the child, and the way it is cared for, and not a crack in the ceiling that is of the most importance." The conclusion seems plain. In New York a newspaper may say what it chooses against defenseless religious women and their little charges. But it must not say one word against the restaurants. The reason for the distinction is not written in Sanskrit. Nuns do not advertise. Restaurants do.

The Soldier

ANXIOUSLY awaiting orders to march, more than 12,000 National Guardsmen assembled in the New York City armories within twenty-four hours after the President had summoned the Militia to mobilize. The scenes enacted in the metropolis were reflected the country over, wherever the call to the Colors had sounded. There was very little shouting, but a calm business-like air pervaded the assembly that preceded entrainment for camp and possible war.

These men in khaki were from every walk of life. The business man, the clerk, the broker and the tradesman, the ignorant, and the educated, all united for a common purpose—to do their duty at their country's call. An

hour before, their interests were diverse, their ambitions varied. At the bugle's blast, individual purposes were blended into the paramount interest, private aims melted into the Nation's aim. They were soldiers. A serious business was at hand. They were ready to do it, unpleasant as it might be. They did not speak of patriotism, they lived it. They had left desk and counter, not because they liked to do so, but because their country ordered it and being soldiers they obeyed. Some of them had tasted war in '98, and they knew it meant much more than a summer camp. Others were inexperienced youths, like the four million who wore the "Blue," in '61, before the age of twenty-three. Yet one and all rallied to the Flag, for they knew it was their duty.

The President's voice was the word of authority, and the word of authority calls for obedience, for it is the voice of God. And because these men of duty answered the Nation's summons, God's blessing will go with them, and a Godspeed from every good man and every noble woman in the land will follow them. We do not want war. But we want the honor of America held sacred and inviolate by every nation in the world. The prompt mobilization of the National Guard is America's message to the nations. It is patriotism energized into action.

A Comprehensive Prayer

"O God, make bad people good and good people nice," is the admirable prayer that a child in a recent novel used to offer every day. If that petition were granted without reserve, the earth would be an Eden, the Golden Age would return, sin would cease to be attractive and virtue would always be amiable. But now, alas! so fallen is the world, that often a winning personality robs vice of ugliness, human imperfections obscure the beauty of holiness, and arrogant pretense triumphs over modest worth. This was the sad spectacle that made Shakespeare call for "restful death," so tired was he of beholding:

. . . Desert a beggar born,
And needy nothing trimmed in jollity,
And purest faith unhappily forsworn, . . .
And right perfection wrongfully disgraced,
And strength by limping sway disabled,
And art made tongue-tied by authority,
And folly, doctor-like, controlling skill,
And simple truth miscalled simplicity,
And captive Good attending captain Ill.

Without question, much could be done toward securing the desired answer to the first part of little Sally's prayer, and more "bad people" would become "good," if "good people" would only make greater efforts to be "nice." Piety should be amiable, and true Catholic piety, because it is so cheerful, sensible and practical, is always amiable. But the Novatian, the Jansenist, the Puritan, or whatever the rigorist of the age was called, invented a dour, inhuman and unworkable "virtue" which he misnamed piety, but which differs as widely from real

piety as pinchbeck differs from gold. In the Ages of Faith, Christians were no less "merry" than pious; the Catholics of our day besides being "good" should also be "nice."

Winona's Enterprising Catholics

THOUGH Winona, Minnesota, is not a large town, it seems to possess a remarkably enterprising and well-organized Catholic population. This is evidenced, for example, in the far-reaching influence exerted by St. Teresa's College and by the Catholic Press Club, two wide-awake Winona institutions of which any city might be proud. The latest expression of the Club's zeal for the spread of Catholic literature is a five-cent pamphlet bearing the title "Are These Your Friends?" and containing information about "a few of the most representative Catholic magazines and newspapers published in the United States today." Then in answer to several other pertinent questions, the compilers of the pamphlet name the editors of our leading Catholic periodicals, give a list of prominent Catholic authors who are writing today, mention nearly fifty representative Catholic magazines and papers published in this country, call attention to the value of the "Catholic Encyclopedia" and end with practical suggestions as to how readers of the pamphlet, by organizing Catholic Press Days, Catholic Press Hours, Catholic Press Programs, Catholic Press Lectures, Catholic Press Exhibits and Catholic Press Circles, can make themselves and others better acquainted with our Catholic periodical literature.

This worthy movement, moreover, has nowhere been promoted with greater zeal than in St. Teresa's College. Last year an admirable Catholic Press Program was given there consisting of an address on "The Apostolate of the Press" by a member of the faculty, brief papers by the students on typical Catholic periodicals, and closing remarks by a prominent clergyman. With a view to stimulating interest in the history of the Church in the United States, St. Teresa's College is likewise offering fourteen one-hundred-dollar scholarships to the young women graduates of high schools and academies who write the best one-thousand-word essay on the first bishop of the ecclesiastical province from which the candidate applies.

The means Winona Catholics are using to awaken interest in the history of the Church in this country, and to make Catholics appreciate practically the value of our periodical press, could be imitated with profit by the Catholics of other American cities and towns. It is with the young, moreover, that the work should begin. If the boys and girls who now fill our high schools and academies, if the youths and maidens who attend our colleges, can only be taught to read intelligently our representative Catholic periodicals and to enjoy the writings of our best authors, the future of the Catholic press in this country is secure.

LITERATURE

XXIX—Francis Thompson

"WHY indeed should it be that the poets who have written for us poetry richest in skiey grain, most free from admixture with the duller thing of earth, are the very poets whose lives are among the saddest records in literature?" As we read this we can almost see in imagination the frayed sleeve of a shabby coat nervously pushed through the open door of an editorial sanctum. The hand was Francis Thompson's and it held "The Hound of Heaven" a masterpiece of modern literature.

Thompson was one of those poets who, while he lived with men, still dwelt among the untrodden ways of the land of vision. "The earth he treads is to him a star, vibrating with radiance. He feels the stellar light breaking beneath his feet, through all its rocky crust; he hears its planetary song, star to star across the holy gulfs of space. He is lonely, and yet never alone, homeless and yet strangely at home." Poetry had made of Thompson her confidant, whispering many of her inmost secrets into his musical ear, and Thompson was as impotent to suppress the burning truths with which he had been trusted as is the sea to pause in its ceaseless roar.

Thompson was truly Catholic and hence it is that he has presented Catholic truth in language burning with inspiration and the noblest of art; for what else is literature but "the living utterance of a man's inmost soul caught up into the emotion which some visioned truth excites in the soul of the seer"? For Thompson was "a seer and singer of rare genius." And why should it not have been so? His was that true faith which is born in the heart of the Catholic babe and is nurtured by the warmth of the true Catholic home. Thompson's faith was instinctive and he was powerless to remain silent. He of all English poets has sung of the true Catholic spirit such songs as never before were heard. Indeed one of the striking qualities of his poetry is his reverence for things unseen; unseen with the eye of sense, but blazing with brightness to the eye of faith. His was a spirit which caught Nature's sweet harmonies fresh from the hand of Him who first made chaos ring with the music of the spheres. Hence it is that the personality of the singer is felt throughout his works, and realizing this we are not surprised at the gorgeous imagery with which he framed his songs, for he told only of what was in his soul.

Such a personality was it which has sung in the immortal verse of "The Hound of Heaven," the story of the loving Master following after the soul fleeing before, which vainly seeks in earthly love the happiness it yearns for. When at last all human hopes are vain, the fugitive submits to his Divine Hunter who speaks in accents of tenderest forgiving love:

All which I took from thee I did but take,
Not for thy harms,
But just that thou might'st seek it in My arms.
All which thy child's mistake
Fancies as lost, I have stored for thee at home:
Rise, clasp My hand, and come!

This poem profoundly stirred the literary world. It was hailed as one of the greatest odes in our language. The deep thought that pervades the entire poem, the brilliant imagery in almost every line, the deep knowledge of the human heart that it discloses, and the deep love of the Master running through it all, holds the reader almost spellbound. Surely "The Hound of Heaven" fingers all the stops of the spirit—but under all, the still sad music of humanity."

Thompson's imagination was ever seeking an outlet for the images with which it was seething, "to give vent to the thoughts that craved language birth." No one but Thompson could have written in the "Orient Ode:"

Lo in the sanctuaried East,
Day, a dedicated priest
In all his robes pontifical exprest,
Lifteth slowly, lifteth sweetly,
From out its Orient tabernacle drawn,
Yon orbèd Sacrament confest
Which sprinkles benediction through the dawn.

The sun likened to the Sacred Host, the sky the monsterness, day the priest: surely this is the height of "devout audacity."

But lest it be thought that Thompson could sing only of visioned sights, we must remember that he was preeminently the poet of childhood, the rightful successor of Blake and Patmore. His songs of childhood possess that tender simplicity and sweet sincerity so characteristic of children. For Thompson himself was ever a child. One who met him just before his death remarked in him the "*sancta simplicitas* of the true poet and real child." "Know you what it is to be a child? It is to have a spirit yet streaming with the waters of Baptism." He was ever playing, even to the end, with his great toy of imagination whereby this world became to him a box of toys. It was this that made him "dabble his fingers in the day-fall, made him gold-dusty with tumbling amid the stars." He tells his god-child to "Look for me in the nurseries of heaven." Through all his works that childlike spontaneity is apparent. For who but a "real child" could thus address the Babe of Bethlehem?

Little Jesus, wast Thou shy
Once, and just so small as I?
And what did it feel like to be
Out of heaven, and just like me? . . .
Hadst Thou ever any toys,
Like us little girls and boys? . . .
And did Thy Mother at the night
Kiss Thee, and fold the clothes in right?
And didst Thou feel quite right in bed,
Kissed, and sweet, and Thy prayers said?

What more natural, more childlike! And still it is real poetry. Thompson had early learned the necessary lesson that "we must stoop to the child" if we would understand childhood. And it was this rare faculty which made him beloved of his children friends. This was the secret of his success—he could feel and realize that though "children's griefs are little, so is the child, so is its endurance." Indeed an important lesson some moderns might learn from Thompson is his reverence for childhood.

The strange personality of the singer pervades his songs, and at times it is a sense of loneliness, even of sadness. However there is a vast difference between the hopeless songs of Shelley and Thompson's cry of faith under all his wanderings. Take the exquisite lines in "Daisy," for example:

The fairest things have fleetest ends,
Their scent survives their close;
But the rose's scent is bitterness
To him that loved the rose. . . .

Nothing begins, and nothing ends,
That is not paid with moan;
For we are born in other's pain
And perish in our own.

But Thompson was not only a poet, for "it might almost be erected into a rule that a great poet is, if he pleases, also a master of prose. Indeed there is manifest reason why a poet should have command over that 'other harmony of prose.'" And Thompson was pleased to show himself a "master of prose." Though we may say that his essays, with the exception of "Shelley," fail to reach the artistic heights of his poetry, nevertheless throughout his prose-compositions are evidenced those very qualities which have won for him the poet's laurel. Of the Shelley essay, "the greatest literary contribution to pure letters in English during the last twenty years," he himself says: "It is written at an almost incessant level of poetic prose and

seethes with imagery like my poetry itself." Listen, for instance, to his all-embracing plea for the straying child, poesy:

This beautiful, wild, feline poetry, wild because left to range the wilds, restore to the hearth of your charity, shelter under the rafter of your Faith; discipline her to the sweet restraints of your household, feed her with the meat from your table, soften her with the amity of your children; tame her, fondle her, cherish her, you will no longer then need to flee her. Suffer her to wanton, suffer her to play, so she play round the foot of the Cross!"

And there 'neath "the foot of the Cross," did Thompson make "sanctity and song" grow together. Thompson was the "poet of the return to God." The essay "In Darkest England," which is a review of General Booth's book, exhibits the powers of the master-critic, for therein Thompson has combined keen criticism with consummate literary skill. Having vividly portrayed the brilliant section of London, with it he contrasts:

A region—is it not rather another universe? A region whose hedgerows have set to brick, whose soil is chilled to stone; where flowers are sold and women, where the men wither and the stars; whose streets to me on the most glittering days are black. . . . Misery cries out to me from the kerb-stone, despair passes me by in the ways; I discern limbs laden with fetters impalpable, but not imponderable; I hear the shaking of invisible lashes; I see men dabbled with their own oozing life.

It was only such a master as Thompson who could portray these contrasting scenes in their true light, for he had known by sad experience the awfulness of the scenes "of that life which is not a life." Hence did he exert his every power in this essay to rouse to arms the Catholic army, the Franciscan Tertiaries. "Sound to the militia of Assisi that the enemy is about them, that they must take the field."

Of an entirely different type is "Paganism, Old and New," in which "it was sought to expose the fallacy of searching for love of beauty and sweetness in the pagan mythology." Thompson believed that the ancient Paganism possessed only a soulless beauty, that it was only the advent of Christianity which gave to the world that true beauty which is exemplified in the "Madonna and a greater than the Madonna." In Francis Thompson's single volume of essays will also be found the beautiful "Mæstitiæ Encomium," wherein he says "a world without joy were more tolerable than a world without sorrow. Without sorrow where was brotherliness?" and "Finis Coronat Opus" together with the well-known essay on "Health and Holiness." Throughout all of this author's works is evident the absence of that fault of so many moderns, "the predominance of art over inspiration, of body over soul." To him language was but the channel, the means of expressing his inmost thoughts. Artist that he was, however, he chose the best means at his command.

Such are the masterpieces one may find within the volumes of Francis Thompson's treasures of poetry and prose: rich, imaginative, but above all, Catholic. He can scarcely be called a popular poet, but to those who have opened his books, what a treasure-house is unlocked!

The chambers in the house of dreams
Are fed with so divine an air,
That time's hoar wings grow young therein
And they who walk there are most fair.

ALOYSIUS J. HOGAN, S.J.

REVIEWS

Filibusters and Financiers. By WILLIAM O. SCROGGS, Ph.D. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

This book, by the Professor of Economics and Sociology in the Louisiana State University, is the story of William Walker and his associates. We are all familiar enough with Walker's name, but how many of us know anything more

than the name? Professor Scroggs, therefore, has put those who take an interest in American activities in Mexico and Central America under an obligation. "Thou shalt not covet" is a precept of both natural and revealed law: the forgetting of the precept gives occasion to many evils of which one is filibustering. But there are filibusters and filibusters, those who go abroad and those who stay at home. To the former, danger and often death; to the latter, not infrequently, the fruits. If all that Professor Scroggs tells of the rivalry between the Vanderbilts and the Garrisons and of its connection with Walker's Nicaraguan career be true, and there is no reason to judge otherwise, the reviewer thinks better of the "little pigs who went to market" than of "the little pigs who stayed at home."

Professor Scroggs holds that Walker was the last of American filibusters. Though the opinion is not altogether indisputable, the reviewer is not going to dispute it. But in adding the limiting term "American" he knew what he was about. Quoting the *London Times*, always virtuous in word, on Walker's collapse in Nicaragua, Professor Scroggs remarks: "Fine words, these, from a nation which owes its beginnings to buccaneering expeditions of Viking and Norman, and its mastery of the seas to the buccaneers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Yea, the Jameson raid in the Transvaal is still fresh in the memories of men." He might have said more to the point, that, when the *Times* was taking such a high moral tone regarding Walker, Palmerston, the prince of stay-at-home filibusters, was in his heyday organizing his filibustering expeditions into the Kingdom of Naples and the other Italian States. Within three years, the *Times* approving cordially, Englishmen were to be enlisted openly in London to serve under Garibaldi, and all England was to go wild over that filibuster and his associates, not the least famous of whom was "Garibaldi's Englishman," Peard. But in the case of Nicaragua "British interests were involved," which made all the difference; and the action of an English naval officer in bringing about Walker's sad end seems to have been not exactly chivalrous.

Walker was a graduate of the University of Nashville, and from this Professor Scroggs takes occasion to depreciate the American Universities of the early nineteenth century. Yet this must be said to their praise: Their graduates wrote good English, the fruit of fair classical studies, something the modern university professor does not do always. There are far worse writers in American Universities than Professor Scroggs, but his language might be purer. He speaks more than once of "Walker's ranking officers," meaning his subordinates of the higher grades; the expression really means officers of a higher rank than Walker. He shows an inordinate attachment to the ugly word "governmental"; but this is venial compared with "to install steamships on the Pacific." When electricians misuse the word "install," we can pity them in patience: a professor should not look for like tolerance. Neither should he speak of "the prayer *pro tempore pestilentia*." The Roman Missal does not pretend to classical Latinity, but even the Mass-book does not fall into such a barbarism. Lastly, it is not good taste to use the language of Holy Scripture in flippant narrations of the doings of such people as filibusters. Professor Scroggs may say he only follows the example of Professor Oman of Oxford; but in more things than one Professor Oman is not a safe guide.

H. W.

Saint Catherine of Siena: Her Life and Times. By C. M. ANTONY. Edited by Fr. BEDE JARRETT, O.P. With a Preface by Fr. THOMAS M. SCHWERTNER, O.P. St. Louis: B. Herder. \$1.80.

Though we already have the scholarly monograph of Mr.

Edmund Gardner on this renowned fourteenth-century mystic, and Theodosia Drane's admirable biography of the Saint is a Dominican classic, the present volume is none the less welcome, for the author undertakes to tell the general reader the story of the *Popolani's* remarkable achievements and wonderful visions. Few saints have combined more perfectly than did Catherine of Siena the perfection of the contemplative with the fulness of the active life. She lived during one of the darkest periods in the Church's history and was the Providential means of bringing the Popes back to Rome. When the great schism began we find her on the side of the true Pope, imprudent and unattractive as he was, though multitudes of the Faithful, including a large proportion of St. Catherine's own Order, were giving their support to the amiable anti-pope.

But besides being a diplomat and a woman of affairs, this daughter of a Sienese dyer is one of the Church's greatest ecstasies. Particularly interesting is the author's account of the origin of the famous "Dialogue," a better title for which is "The Book of Mercy." On October 9, 1378, she went into an ecstasy after receiving Holy Communion, and during the next five days, for four or five hours daily, she dictated to a secretary the revelations she received. They were all taken down in such choice Tuscan that St. Catherine is now considered one of the foremost writers of the language. Catherine was called to heaven before peace was restored to the Church, but she never faltered for a moment in her belief that the schism would finally be healed. In her last letter to Urban VI, the legitimate successor of St. Peter, she exclaimed: "Take courage! Fear nothing! God will provide for this, as for everything, for He is the Protector and the Master of the Ship of the Church, and of your Holiness."

W. D.

Under the Apple-Trees. By JOHN BURROUGHS. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Co. \$1.25.

This is a series of essays whose unique claim to publication in one book is that they were all thought of in the same place: "Under the Apple-Trees." Roughly, the papers fall into two classes, those dealing with natural history and those in which the author has ventured into the field of philosophy. For the former there is nothing but praise. Besides manifesting that extraordinary power of observation for which Mr. Burroughs is justly renowned, the papers on natural history themes are written in a simple, unpretentious style that is quite attractive. Had the author not seen fit to transgress this proper demesne of his, the book could be unreservedly recommended. But when the author becomes philosophical, he becomes not only uninteresting but unscientific as well.

Mr. Burroughs is uninteresting because it is so hard for his readers to know what he means. In the first place the author suffers from his fear of definitions and hence from obscurity. He has a latter-day proneness for ponderous generalities, and hence his plentiful lack of idea-bearing words. He is negative rather than positive, and asks his readers questions which he should answer himself. The author is unscientific principally because he takes for granted the theory of evolution. For science, if it means anything, implies demonstration wherever proof is required. Now, evolution is far from being a demonstrated fact. Nor can we admit, in the face of the philosophy of common sense, that the theory is self-evident. Had Mr. Burroughs, therefore, patiently and clearly given his reasons for the theory, instead of simply assuming it, as one would an axiomatic truth, had he answered a few of his own questions on Darwinism and explained Bergson's oft-cited *élan vital*, the author would, perhaps, have been saved from making statements like this: "Are we to look upon the universe as half-

natural, half-supernatural; must it not be entirely one or the other to be a universe?"

The author remarks in his preface: "I am quite certain that the majority of my readers would have me always stick to natural history themes." Yes, indeed! Mr. Burroughs the naturalist in science we can accept, but not Mr. Burroughs the naturalistic philosopher.

G. D. B.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Here is the *Bookman's* latest list of "best sellers": "Just David," Porter; "Seventeen," Tarkington; "Nan of Music Mountain," Spearman; "Bars of Iron," Dell; "The Border Legion," Grey; and "Under the Country Sky," Richmond. These novels have already been noticed in *AMERICA*, and favorably too, with the exception of "The Border Legion," which is not fit to read. Everyone, however, can and should enjoy "Seventeen," for it is a merciless but faithful description of a boy's "calf-love" period. "Silly Billy," Jane, Genesis, Mrs. Baxter, George, Mr. Parcher and Miss Pratt are all true to life, and Mr. Tarkington's gift for describing ridiculous situations has a rich field for its exercise.

"The Soldier Boy" (Putnam, \$0.75), by C. Lewis Hind, is a well-written little book containing fifteen sketches that are designed apparently to hearten and spiritualize the British volunteer. All the belligerents in this war are doubtless firmly persuaded that they are fighting for the cause of civilization and that the world's happiness hangs on their success. So it is not surprising that the author finds the Germans wearing "sacrilegious helmets," whereas "our" soldiers are "God-reverencing." Without question every combatant in the entrenched armies can profitably choose some warrior-saint as a "patron of chivalry." That will help to keep them brave and merciful soldiers and better fit them for a sudden death.

"Wild Animal Ways" (Doubleday, Page, \$1.50) has to do with the great outdoors. A wild horse, a raccoon, a wild hog, a froward monkey, a faithful dog, and some wild geese are the central figures of entertaining chapters. "Atalapha, a Winged Brownie" will be found the best of the stories. The author's description of the bat's mating, and its race with the swallows is excellent. An instinctive love for wild live things pervades the book; no sentimental kindness is preached, but only a sensible regard for the interesting animals to the observation and study of which Mr. Seton has so well applied himself. A vigorous style suits the various fights in the volume, while the gentler incidents are marked by writing that is quite poetical in thought and appeal. There are 200 drawings by the author.—To boys who enjoy a story about warring Indians, and wild horses, and roaming buffaloes, in addition to the exploits of a picturesque hero, Everett T. Tomlinson's latest book, "Scouting with Kit Carson" (Doubleday, Page, \$1.25), will doubtless prove very enjoyable, for narrow escapes crowd upon one another and the courage, perseverance and modesty of the hero are never overlooked.

The July *Catholic World* is a particularly readable number. It opens with Dr. Kerby's discerning study of the late Mr. Thomas M. Mulry's character, which is well summed up in this paragraph:

Mr. Mulry was old-fashioned. To be simple is old-fashioned. To refuse to be misled by shallow ambitions, by short outlooks and aimless social rivalry, or to find home the fixed center of the world is old-fashioned. To shape life and guide affections by the eternal truths is old-fashioned. To peer unerringly beneath the accidents of life and live in the presence of its eternal laws is old-fashioned. To refuse to be cheated by the lesser joys of

life and to steer one's way with a compass rectified by the hand of God is old-fashioned. In this way Mr. Mulry was old-fashioned. God gave him that surviving grace.

Brother Potamian contributes a good paper on Sir Isaac Newton, Blanche M. Kelly a study of "Hawker of Morwenstow," an Anglican vicar and poet of Cornwall who became a Catholic shortly before he died in 1875. He wrote of the Sangreal the splendid lines:

The selfsame Cup, wherein the faithful Wine
Heard God, and was obedient unto Blood.

Monica M. Gardner makes "The Anonymous Poet of Poland," Sigmund Krasinski, known to American readers, Dr. Peter Guilday reviews Professor Meyer's "The Catholic Church under Elizabeth," Dr. Schumacher proves that Our Lord Himself was at times a "resistant," Dr. Shanahan writes on "The Originality of the Christian Doctrine of Life," and there are stories, poems and the usual departments besides.

Dr. John Rothwell Slater's "Freshman Rhetoric" (Heath) confines itself entirely to prose, and its twenty chapters range from letter-writing and note-taking to the use of a reference library and the interpretation of literature, and 700 original subjects are suggested for themes and essays. Because of his discursive style the author's explanation of the precepts is somewhat unwieldy and cumbersome, while much of the matter could have been left to high-school text-books. The multiplication and lengthy explanation of precepts in our present-day text-books on the writing of English is making the confused student detest what could easily be made likable. The author of "A Text-book for the Study of Poetry" (Allyn & Bacon, \$1.00), favorably reviewed in our issue of August 2, 1913, should now prepare as good a book on writing English prose.—"The Ideal Catholic Third Reader" (Macmillan, \$0.40), by a Sister of St. Joseph, presents an attractive selection of child literature. The religious element is insisted upon, though there is also an excellent collection of patriotic and nature stories. The book is well graded and contains valuable word-lists and phonetic drills.

Mr. Alfred Noyes, the editor of "A Book of Princeton Verse, 1916" (Princeton University Press, \$1.25), considers the volume capable of holding its own with any contemporary anthology and warns the Oxford undergraduates to look to their laurels. The selections made are from verses written during the past six years and twenty-six authors are represented. Mr. Ainsworth O'Brien-Moore's "Iphigeneia" is a good specimen of the anthology's quality:

My father sent a ship and men who cried:
"Come, wed Achilles!" So I rose, and went,
And came where they were gathered, at his tent.
(Slowly the great ships swung upon the tide;
Ever the wind blew west-ward.) Laughing-eyed
I sought my future lord, all innocent
Of the grim spouse those stern-eyed chieftains meant.
None spoke. Then, suddenly, I knew he lied.
At first I wept a little, and besought—
Being but young, and half-afraid to die—
But when I saw my father's face, and heard
His broken weeping, and moreover thought
That no one of the kings did more than I,
I kissed him twice, and knelt without a word.

Mr. Noyes remarks that "It is encouraging to find the younger men in an American university developing just those qualities of lucidity, order, and proportion which are the first essentials of literature, at the very moment when the older generations, both in Europe and America, seem ripe for chaos in both thought and form."

Now that summer visitors have begun to flit hither and yon, the prudent hostess should snip out, mount on a card

and place in a corner of the spare-room mirror these stirring lines from the London *Queen* on "The Perfect Guest":

She answered by return of post
The invitation of her host.
She caught the train she said she would,
And changed at junctions as she should.
She brought a light and smallish box
And keys belonging to the locks.
Food strange and rare she did not beg,
But ate the homely scrambled egg.
When offered luke-warm tea she drank it,
She did not crave an extra blanket,
Nor extra pillows for her head;
She seemed to like the spare-room bed.
She never came downstairs till ten.
She brought her own self-filling pen,
Nor once by look or word of blame
Exposed her host to open shame.
She left no little things behind
Excepting grateful thoughts and kind.

Even the most troublesome and exacting guest cannot recite these verses daily without being the better for it. However inconsiderately she behaves in the home she first visits, her conduct is sure to improve as the season advances.

BOOKS RECEIVED

The America Press, New York:

A Campaign of Calumny: The New York Charities Investigation. \$0.05; postpaid, \$0.10. \$5.00 a hundred; Perfect Contrition Easy. By H. C. Semple, S.J., \$0.05, \$3.00 a hundred.

D. Appleton & Co., New York:

The Cruise of The Jasper B. By Don Marquis. \$1.30; Your Boy and His Training. By Edwin Puller. \$1.50.

Richard G. Badger, Boston:

How One Church Went Through a War. By W. Spooner Smith. \$1.00; Sermon Reading. By W. Spooner Smith. \$1.00.

Benziger Brothers, New York:

Roma, Ancient, Subterranean, and Modern Rome. In Word and Picture. By Rev. Albert Kuhn. With Preface by his Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, Parts XIV and XV. \$0.35 each.

The Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis:

Dante: How to Know Him. By Alfred M. Brooks. \$1.25.

Catholic Alumni Sodality, Philadelphia:

Catalog of Catholic Books in the Free Library of Philadelphia.

E. P. Dutton & Co., New York:

The Book of Saint Bernard on the Love of God. Edited with Translation and Notes by Edmund G. Gardner, M.A., Litt.D. \$1.25; In Khaki for the King. By Escott Lynn, Six Illustrations by Norman Ault. \$1.50; Phyllis McPhilemy. By May Baldwin. Four Illustrations by W. A. Cuthbertson. \$1.50; The German Republic. By Walter Wellman. \$1.00.

M. H. Gill & Son, Dublin:

Harmonies. A Pure Thought Sequence. Being Wreaths of Song from a Course of Divinity. By Rev. T. J. O'Mahony, D.D., D.C.L. 1s.

Houghton, Mifflin Co., Boston:

For England. By H. Fielding-Hall. \$1.50.

P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York:

Chief Catholic Devotions. By Louis Boucard. Translated by W. B. Mitchell, M.A. \$0.75; The Sodality of Our Lady: Historical Sketches. Compiled by Augustus Drive, S.J. \$0.60.

Mitchell Kennerley, New York:

Songs of a Vagrom Angel. Written Down by Elsa Barker. \$1.00.

John Lane Co., New York:

Louise and Barnavaux. By Pierre Mille. Illustrated by Helen McKie. \$1.25.

Longmans, Green & Co., New York:

The Philosophy of Bergson. By Gustavus Watts Cunningham, A.M., Ph.D. \$1.25.

The Macmillan Co., New York:

The Prisoner. By Alice Brown. \$1.50; The Human Boy and the War. By Eden Phillpotts. \$1.25; An Introduction to the Study of Organized Labor in America. By George Gorham Groat, Ph.D. \$1.75; Poverty and Social Progress. By Maurice Parmelee, Ph.D. \$1.75.

Robert McBride & Co., New York:

A Dominic's Log. By A. S. Neill, M.A. \$1.00.

John Murphy Company, Baltimore:

Essays on Catholic Life. By Thomas O'Hagan. \$0.75.

Oxford University Press, New York:

The Mechanism of English Style. By Lewis Worthington Smith. \$1.00.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York:

Ships in Port. By Lewis Worthington Smith. \$1.25.

Joseph F. Wagner, New York:

A Retreat for Women in Business. In Fourteen Conferences. By Rev. J. A. McMullan, C.S.S.R. \$0.75.

Yale University Press, New Haven:

Community Drama and Pageantry. By Mary Porter Beegle and Jack Randall Crawford. \$2.50.

EDUCATION

De la Salle and Popular Education

IN virtue of the charter given her by her Divine Founder, the Catholic Church is essentially an educator. "Go and teach all nations." Such was the command given her by Christ Himself, who, though veiling uncreated Wisdom and Truth in the homely garb of parable and story, was the greatest teacher the world has seen. Faithful to that mission, the Church has ever summoned the passing generations to listen to her message and to heed her warnings. Unlike the pagan philosophers, Aristotle, Plato or Seneca, she has not confined her teaching to the chosen few, to the cultured minds of an inner and exclusive circle, but, imitating her Master, she has stepped into the crowded thoroughfares of life, crossed the threshold of the poor, stooped over the toiler and the outcast and lavishly opened to them her inexhaustible stores of knowledge and truth. Auguste Comte, a thinker whom we can little suspect of any leaning toward her practices or dogmas, has written: "The Catholic Church has been the most powerful and efficient promoter of the popular development of the human intellect." Yet she is represented by her enemies as the enemy of popular education. The story of the life and work of St. John Baptist de la Salle is an eloquent refutation of the charge.

BLAZING A NEW PATH

The world pays insistent homage to the memory of such educators as Herbart, Froebel, Pestalozzi, Sturm, Basedow and Comenius. Even such a visionary and unsound master as Rousseau finds his admirers. It has too often forgotten the name and the service of one of the initiators, one of the safe and sure pathfinders in the tangled jungle of modern pedagogy, St. John Baptist de la Salle. Yet this humble priest is one of the great benefactors of the people. The sacred cause of popular education never had a more practical or more unselfish champion. His holy life, the Institute which he founded, the cohorts of devoted men whom his example and his rule have inspired to imitate his virtues, have been the source of blessings to thousands. A child of that seventeenth century which saw France at the very height of her power, he is one of the glories of his country and his age. The schools of the Christian Brothers which he founded and where his epoch-making methods were first tried, reflect more glory on his native land than the ephemeral and sterile victories of the great captains of his day.

STRONG AND PRACTICAL SAINT

John Baptist de la Salle was born at Reims in 1651 and died at Rouen in 1719. The story of this high-born and noble-minded priest is as simple as it is sublime. It can be summed up in these words: "He had compassion on the multitude." The man who, in the spirit of Christ, goes to the poor, is clothed with a radiance and a beauty all Divine, even though he stoops to their lowliness, while at the same time he is endowed with irresistible energy and power to accomplish great things. God had given La Salle a priestly soul, the heart of a child, the tenderness of a father, the noble and authoritative presence of a man born to command, a keen insight into the heart of the people and their needs, and one of those indomitable wills, so often found in the saints, which knows neither doubt nor fear and inevitably triumphs in the end. The founder of "The Institute of the Brothers of the Christian Schools" is one of the world's practical educators. To prove it we need only recall that he mobilized and vitalized the methods of popular education prevailing in his day, that he is the founder of the normal school, that he standardized the simultaneous method, and that he gave to the teacher a position and a dignity which hitherto had been denied him.

POPULAR EDUCATION IN LA SALLE'S DAY

It must not be imagined that the Church then neglected popular education. A collection of decrees taken from the synodal statutes of the French dioceses during the seventeenth century and the early years of the eighteenth, and bearing on the necessity, the organization and programs of the primary school, would fill a goodly volume. The Councils of Toulouse, of Saint-Brieuc, of Agen, of Le Mans order archpriests, parish-priests and their assistants to build and maintain schools for the poor. And the cause of popular education found eloquent and effective advocates in bishops, priests and holy men. Vialart de Herse, Bishop of Châlons, calls schoolmasters "workmen absolutely necessary to the Church." Froullay de Tessé, Bishop of Coutances speaks of the "holy duty of the schoolmistress." The saintly De Nesmond, Bishop of Bayeux, who in some ways anticipated the pedagogic methods of La Salle, wrote "A Plan of Instruction for the People's Schools." Bishop de la Poye de Vertrieu composed a similar program for the schools of the diocese of Poitiers. Somewhat earlier, St. Peter Fourier had elaborated for Lorraine a complete program for the education of girls and had founded that admirable body of teachers, the Sisters of the Congregation of Notre Dame. At Lyons, the holy priest Charles Déma founded schools for the poor children of the city and wrote to the *échevins* or aldermen a famous "Remonstrance," in which, with apostolic boldness, he vindicated the right of the people to an adequate education, and reminded the "City Fathers" of their duty to provide for it. The Jesuit missionary, Michel le Nobletz, venerable priests like Olier, Bourdoise, saints like Vincent de Paul had spoken in the same strain.

LA SALLE SYSTEMATIZES POPULAR EDUCATION

But in spite of all this generous movement, the best results had not been obtained for lack of system and of coordinated effort. La Salle realized that individual effort, no matter how generous, could not deal with a national problem. In 1682, he founded "The Brothers of the Christian Schools." In the long and glorious files of the names of Religious Orders, there is no other, perhaps, which evokes in the hearts of Catholics a similar sentiment of affection and love. A body of devoted teachers had thus been mustered. Effort was no longer individual. A concentration and mobilization of educational forces had begun.

THE SIMULTANEOUS METHOD

A pedagogical difficulty faced the founder. How teach the thousands of pupils who soon flocked to his schools? His practical judgment suggested the solution. He applied the "Simultaneous Method" on a large scale. Though the Jesuits had applied this method together with the "decurion" system in classical schools, and De Nesmond and St. Peter Fourier had plainly outlined its scope and utility in large classes, La Salle was the first to apply it on a broad and consistent scale to the purposes of popular education. One teacher, one lesson, one text-book, one task, one correction for all the pupils of a certain grade and capacity, at the same time, such was the simple, but epoch-making innovation introduced by the Saint. It seems almost incredible that the method was not devised earlier. On the day it was introduced, pedagogy took a great step forward. In his "Conduct of Christian Schools," the founder elaborated his principles more thoroughly. The book is a masterpiece of simple but sound pedagogy. "Later works on the same subject," says Matthew Arnold, "have little improved the precepts, while they entirely lack the unction."

TRAINING THE TEACHER

If the Simultaneous Method primarily affected the pupil, La Salle's second innovation directly affected the teacher. It is to his glory that the first normal school in the modern sense

was founded by him at Reims in 1684, thirteen years before the Pietist, August Hermann Francke, organized his teachers' class at Halle, and fifty years before Hecker founded the first Prussian Normal School at Stettin. The idea of the normal school is to be found, at least in germ, in the old monasteries where the younger members of the teaching orders were trained for their life-work. In England, in 1581, Richard Mulcaster had suggested in his "Positions" the establishment of a seminary for the training of teachers. But the idea did not fully crystallize into action until La Salle founded his school at Reims.

John Baptist de la Salle gave popular education a definite outlook, a scientific method and form. Obvious and simple as his innovations are, they gave modern pedagogy an impulse and momentum almost incalculable. He dignified and ennobled the vocation of the schoolmaster. He had all the love of the child and of the poor, which burned in the heart of Froebel and Pestalozzi. He added to these the supernatural virtues which have made him a model of sanctity and heroism for all coming time. The Institute of the Brothers of the Christian Schools is a splendid monument which ever perpetuates his name and nobly carries on his work. The cause of Christian and popular education owes a debt of undying gratitude to John Baptist de la Salle and his devoted sons.

JOHN C. REVILLE, S.J.

SOCIOLOGY

In Praise of Folly and Crime

IN two respects, the late Father Timothy Brosnahan, of the Society of Jesus, was a very odd person. He believed in the science of logic, and he did not like cold weather. In winter, the good man's second oddity was easily abated by a stove or some similar contrivance; in summer, by the rising temperature. But to the winter of his discontent, occasioned by the prior idiosyncrasy, there was no end. To the day of his untimely death, his preference for logic kept him fiercely disdainful of the mental anarchy which he saw in the philosophy of his generation.

FATHER BROSNAHAN'S LOGIC

This strange preference forced him to positions deemed extravagant and reactionary by the thinkers of our day. Father Brosnahan would not admit, for instance, that "It may be" and "it is," are synonymous phrases. He did not understand how you could say that George was the very counterpart of Jim, when your own proof set forth: (1) That you had never seen Jim; (2) That no one had ever seen Jim; (3) That the very possibility of Jim's existence was dubious. Nor did this logician allow a conclusion notably wider than your premises. In the precarious proof that the giraffe's neck was shorter in prehistoric days than it now is, he did not see a final demonstration, perfect and complete, of evolution. Obviously, Father Brosnahan must have passed through this world as one born out of due time. But he was spared the sight of two volumes recently published by Macmillan, "A History of the Family" by Willystine Goodsell, Ph.D., of Columbia, and "Poverty and Social Progress" by Maurice Parmelee, likewise a Doctor of Philosophy. If he had read them, he would have sneezed at the first in a most appalling and vindictive manner, like Lear's mice, and the second would have served as fuel for his stove.

LOGIC AND MODERN THOUGHT

In their remarkable disregard of the ordinary laws of logic and common-sense, these two books are thoroughly typical of the so-called "modern thought." "It is well-nigh impossible to collect reliable evidence concerning the earliest forms of family life," writes Dr. Goodsell, "since that evidence is largely lacking." This frank confession would seem to augur ill for any lengthy evaluation of the subject, since, as Mark Twain

once remarked, proof usually bogs down in the absence of evidence. But the Columbia professor is not easily daunted. Following a method, largely but not exclusively, confined to the Sunday-supplement school of scientists, she calmly assumes, first, that things which are extrinsically analogous are identical in essence, and secondly, that the distinction between what actually is, and what conceivably might be, is as unreal as a pink chimera idly buzzing in a absolute vacuum.

With her conclusions assumed, the learned professor regales her readers with a number of details touching the *vie intime* of those very interesting individuals, "the cave-men who were our original ancestors." These details do not rest, of course, upon personal observation, nor are they accurate deductions from ascertained facts. Some are drawn from the *obiter dicta* of Herodotus and Strabo on early barbarians, others from present-day studies of modern savages and man-like apes. Although no one ever saw a cave-man, the Jim of this argument, Dr. Goodsell holds that the Veddahs of modern Ceylon furnish many replicas of him. To the ignorant, this conclusion may seem like saying that the late Booker Washington tallied, feature for feature, with Cham; but as no photographs of Cham have reached us, who can deny that the assertion may be, and therefore is true? The argument drawn from the conduct of apes is, however, unexceptionable. It is confirmed by no less an authority than Mr. Arthur Brisbane who has shown to demonstration that there is no essential distinction between the anthropoid apes of the jungle and the clever young men who edit the Hearst publications.

PSYCHOLOGY OF THE CAVE-MAN

The careful student will be grateful for the luminous clarity with which Dr. Goodsell describes the psychological life of the cave-man. Her transcription of the thoughts wherewith this cocene person occupied such of his moments as were not taken up in repelling eighty-foot lizards and similar perils, is photographic in its exclusion of the imaginary. They were not thoughts that lay too deep for tears. The cave-man had not even a "glimmering conception of that ideal love which today binds men and women together in the strongest of human ties." On the contrary, he wooed the lady of his choice with a club or a boulder, just as in the moving-pictures. For the most part, he was a prosy sort of person, largely engaged with schemes to fill his stomach and keep himself warm, the latter, no doubt, a difficult task, since these ancient caves must have been deplorably damp and draughty.

Reverting to more readily ascertainable facts, the professor holds that the work of the house, more properly, perhaps, of the cave, was the burden of the cave-man's consort, who also assumed the labors of the field. Forced by stern necessity, this lady invented the process of putting seeds into the ground to make things grow; after which she devised the plow, the mill, the metate, the muller, the cooking-pot, the spindle, the scraper, the stone knife and the adze. She is also the discoverer of "simple processes" of tanning leather. "Such achievements," observes the savant, "constitute an honorable record for primitive womanhood." They do, indeed.

PROOF BY ASSERTION

In itself of no particular importance, this book is an interesting product of the modern school, in which reiterated assertion takes the place of rigid demonstration, and unsupported assertion is a proof as strong as Holy Writ. But if Dr. Goodsell is, on the whole, somewhat amusing, Dr. Parmelee is decidedly offensive. Incredible as it may seem, this professor in the College of the City of New York writes as if Christianity were a polytheistic religion (p. 176), and attributes to it a silly and utterly untenable doctrine of animism. The supernatural is a baseless assumption; Christianity, "a prejudice," "a theological assumption," "an a priori theory." Does Parmelee

adduce a single proof for any of these statements? Not one. He proves them by asserting them, although, with unblushing effrontery, he finds a place in the preface for a panegyric of his "intensive and accurate analysis."

HUMANITARIAN IMMORALITY

"Humanitarianism," a cult which finds its god in self, is Dr. Parmelee's panacea. The obvious excesses of this system, Dr. Parmelee vaunts as "progress"; as, indeed, they are, but toward barbarism and hell. The family and the State "have no importance aside from the individuals which make them up" (p. 214). These entities cannot "be allowed to crush out, like juggernauts, the happiness and lives of individuals." The Christian ideal of marriage is immoral. "By making of marriage a sacrament, and by its opposition to divorce, Christianity has caused women an enormous amount of injury . . . and many men a vast amount of misery" (p. 241). Men and women must "be left free to make and also to break their sexual matings as they please" (p. 214). Extra-marital motherhood is justifiable, first "on the general ground of freedom, and in the second place, in order to afford the women who are unable to secure a permanent mate, the privilege of motherhood" (p. 215). On the other hand, all must "be left free to have children or not as they please" (p. 215), and laws which forbid the propagation of unnatural crime are "barbarous," "stupid," "brutal," "vulgar," and "disgraceful" (p. 186).

THE DEPTHS OF ROTTENNESS

No doubt Dr. Parmelee, whose books are texts (note it, you Catholic parents with daughters in pagan schools) in many "non-sectarian" colleges and normal schools, would resent a classification with Emma Goldman's secretary, the unspeakable Ben Reitman. Yet Reitman, now cracking rock on the Island, did no more than crib a few principles urged by the respectable Parmelee, in a book issued by the eminently respectable house of Macmillan. But in one point of decadence, Parmelee has outdone both Reitman and Emma Goldman. I have not heard that these worthies have openly proposed to defile the minds of innocent children; yet with the help of Macmillan, Parmelee announces that it is "evident that it is most important that the young of both sexes be taught frankly and fully . . . the means of controlling reproduction" (p. 317).

This is sounding the very depths of rottenness. It is the triumph of "academic freedom" as understood in institutions similar to the College of the City of New York. It suggests a question on the ethical obligations of publishers. What class of books, if any, do Messrs. Macmillan propose to exclude from their presses?

KNOWLEDGE OR RESTRAINT

And it prompts a wider question. Do our children need more sex knowledge or more training in self-restraint? Possibly you read an answer in the headlines of your paper this morning.

From a little town in Illinois, there are spread throughout the country, the shameful details of an action in which a student, who has barely attained his majority, is on trial for the murder of a girl of seventeen. As mere children, the protagonists in this sordid drama had eaten of the bitter fruit of knowledge. The ready answers given by their friends, girls still at school, to questions proposed by the attorneys in the case, evidence that to them as well, there is little in these base details that is not familiar. "These school children, boys and girls," writes a newspaper correspondent, "not only possess this knowledge, but employ it in conversation in the most cynical manner."

FOUL IS FAIR

Where is all this to end? Parmelee and his followers solve the problem by calling evil good, and good evil. The unclean

rabble who translate this theory into action, abolish vice by holding it to be purity. We justify them with Parmelee "on the general ground of freedom." But in our easy tolerance of vice, vice that is flaunted by a decadent press, visualized by a decadent stage, practised by decadent parents, and taught by decadent educators, we are writing for ourselves the doom of Sodom and Gomorrah.

PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

NOTE AND COMMENT

G. K. Chesterton, writing on "Divorce" in the *New York Sun*, for June 25, pays a worthy tribute to the virtue of the poor:

It does not seem to me to be worth contradicting that the rich largely believe in divorce; as the poor largely believe in fidelity. But the modern rich are powerful and the modern poor are powerless. Therefore for years and decades past the rich have been preaching their own virtues. Now that they have begun to preach their vices too I think that it is time to protest.

A glance at the Society page of any American paper confirms this statement. The names of the poor are not found there.

Woodrow Wilson is the third President since the Civil War to receive the honor of a nomination by acclamation, Cleveland and Roosevelt having also won that distinction. Before the war, Jackson, Van Buren and Clay were so nominated. Roosevelt is the only one of the six who had not received a Presidential nomination before. Clay and Van Buren, in addition to this, had the honor of receiving every vote on the first ballot, while Grant, though not acclaimed, received two nominations on the first ballot without opposition. The *New York Evening Post*, remarking on these facts, adds that nomination by acclamation has been followed by defeat more often than by victory.

The *Pan-American Union* describes a gold nugget found in the placer mines at Chuquiaguiro in Bolivia, weighing fourteen pounds and valued at \$4,000. It appears that much of the gold in the possession of the Incas at the coming of the Spaniards was obtained from the Chuquiapu and the Chuquiaguiro Rivers, whose names bespeak their riches: "river of gold" and "inheritance of gold." The former river, upon which La Paz, the metropolis, is situated, contains within the city limits auriferous gravel washed down from the slopes of the Andean range. During the colonial period the gold placer-deposits of its waters near La Paz were profitably exploited by the Spaniards. In the Chuquiaguiro River another celebrated nugget of gold, valued at \$4,500 was found by an Indian miner in the seventeenth century. We are told in general that in Bolivia gold is widely distributed in veins and placers, and that extensive deposits of auriferous sands of great richness occur along the rivers which run in a northeasterly direction, following the eastern slopes of the Andes.

President Hyde of Bowdoin College, speaking to the graduates, told them of the aims and objects of America's teaching:

First, the United States must teach the world a lesson of a just industrial democracy. The second lesson is thorough science and respect for the expert. Third, we must give the world an art that is beautiful without being sensual. A fourth lesson America should teach the world is a citizenship that is at the same time efficient and free. A fifth lesson is justice and generosity to other nations. Finally, America has an opportunity to give the world a much-needed religious leadership.

To carry this torch before the world, supposes that we have fed its flame at home. In editorial comment the *New York*

Sun remarks that "it may do these young gentlemen no harm to be reminded that America has a whole lot of learning to do on its own account."

In the course of a paper read at the convention of the National Editorial Association, Mrs. H. C. Hoatling gave expression to these very sane views:

A careless, slangy written language set before a populace week after week is to be deplored, as it can but create an irreverence for worthy objects. The busy editor can and should strive for a style of language which is clear and pure. Otherwise he fails to give his subscribers the full value due them.

To excuse the shortcomings of one's paper by throwing the blame on the readers and say there is no use striving to do anything better because the reading public do not demand it or want it; to say that they prefer and clamor for the yellow journalism is but the shifting of responsibilities to ease the promptings of a sluggish conscience. The taste for news may be cultivated, modified, or entirely changed, if the wielder of the pen only has faith in his fellow-man. Be a fighter for the good and uphold it at every possible turn and such service will bring results.

That puts the responsibility where it belongs. The man in the editorial chair, and not the reader, is the one to decide "on all the news that is fit to print."

Mgr. Brann, the venerable and learned pastor of St. Agnes' Church, New York, speaking of the decree on dancing that was read in all New York churches, Sunday, June 18, disagrees with Bishop Greer, who is reported as saying that New York improves:

It surely does not improve. And that it does not do so is not the fault of foreigners. The worst offenders are old-line American families, those of wealth. They are leading the downward way, not alone for themselves, but for others. Divorces and worse, immodest dancing and worse, questionable shows to accompany dinners, all these are of record. What is to become of American families, and what are they thinking about?

The decree of the Church is justified, and it was brought on by the immoral dances of the last few years. I am no prude, and I want our young people to enjoy themselves. But I have myself seen in New York hotels frequented only by the well-to-do, dances that were shocking. Were a woman of my household taking part in them I would have taken her by the arm and led her away.

A few years ago, when Thompson took hold of the amusements at Coney Island, he declared his object was to make it a place where a man could take his mother or sister without fear or shame. It might be well for the hotel managers of New York to take Mr. Thompson into their confidence.

The *Miami Herald* considers that, by the defeat of S. J. Catts in the primaries, the State of Florida has been saved a great humiliation. While admitting that there may be nothing reprehensible in the man's private life, the *Herald* considers his nomination would have been a disaster.

It was his public utterances that disclosed his danger as a public official if he were nominated and elected. He made his campaign on a wholly fictitious issue, that the State was in danger from political dominance of the Roman Catholic Church. He made it on the misrepresentations of the political power of that religious organization. He threatened, if elected, to make certain searches of convents, parochial schools and churches themselves, which he would have had no power as Governor to carry out, and which, if he had attempted, would have subjected him to impeachment. He aroused a fanatical zeal for persecution, and his whole campaign was carried on in a spirit contrary to the genius of this country and contrary to democratic principles.

In view of the trouble that the candidate would have

caused the State, in view of the humiliation the selection of such a candidate would have caused the party and the people of the State, it is well that another and safer man was nominated.

Mr. Catts should have been a New Yorker; he might have secured a place on the Charities Investigation Committee.

Union Theological Seminary has been accused of producing religious wrecks, by the Rev. G. W. McPherson, superintendent of "Tent Evangel":

Union Seminary stands for the new theology, that theology gets rid of the supernatural and interprets all life from the standpoint of the natural. It is rationalism on the throne. It teaches that all life must be interpreted from the standpoint of evolution. It rejects the infallibility of the Bible and teaches that there are no revelations to men save what come from men's struggles and experiences. This modern heresy cannot look up to God, but finds Him where he first entered into the evolution of man through worm, fish and monkey up to man of today. This view makes God a very part of man. God never spake to man by angel or by Himself. Jesus Christ never came into being in any way contrary to the laws of nature. The Bible itself is twisted and distorted to suit the new creed of the evolutionists. I use Union as example, but Columbia, Harvard, Yale and Chicago, among universities, and Harvard Divinity, Yale School of Religion, Drew Seminary and Chicago and Crozier, among divinity schools, rank in the same class. It is the mission of Tent Evangel in part to expose the heresy of our colleges and seminaries. The time has come for the clergy to speak out.

The question before the Church today is: Whom shall we believe, the teachers of modern evolution or the writers of the Bible, Herbert Spencer or Jesus Christ, the Apostle Paul or Union Seminary? This is the issue. We cannot dodge it. The fight is on.

The gentleman is mistaken. There is no such question before the Church today, though it is very much before the churches.

The "Declaration of Principles" unanimously adopted by the Association of National Advertisers at their recent meeting is refreshing reading and will be heartily endorsed by Catholics:

Resolved, That we, members of the Association of National Advertisers, are opposed to advertising of the following kinds:

All advertising that is fraudulent or questionable, whether financial, medical, or any other; all advertising that is indecent, vulgar, or suggestive either in theme or treatment; that is "blind" or ambiguous in wording and calculated to mislead; that makes false, unwarranted or exaggerated claims; that makes uncalled-for reflections on competitors or competitive goods; that makes misleading free offers; all advertising to laymen of products containing habit-forming or dangerous drugs; all advertising that makes remedial, relief or curative claims, either directly or by inference, that are not justified by the facts or common experience; and any other advertising that may cause money loss to the reader or injury in health or morals or loss of confidence in reputable advertising and honorable business.

Resolved, That we recognize our own obligation as advertisers to conform to these principles.

Resolved, That we urge upon all publishers and upon all sellers of advertising space or service, a strict adherence to these principles and that in so far as the exigencies of our individual business will permit, we direct our advertising to those mediums which make the observance of these principles their rule and practice.

It is to be hoped that the men who drafted these resolutions will conscientiously carry them into effect and will meet with the support of all self-respecting journals and newspapers. Much that passes as pure and innocent today is in reality wrong, offensive or suggestive. The morality of an unchristian world is not the morality of the Gospel.